The Outlook

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Published Weekly

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China and Russia October 8, the date when Russia agreed to evacuate the Chinese province of Manchuria, came and went, and Russia remains apparently in as serene possession as before. Indeed, so far from restoring Manchuria to the Chinese, on the very day set for evacuation the Russians hastened the erection of government buildings, and at the ports increased their naval force, which now includes, so the despatches say, ninety war vessels of all classes. The "all classes" must include rowboats and launches, for a deduction from the Russian navy of its vessels in the Baltic, Black, and Caspian Seas would leave nothing like ninety war-ships for the Asiatic coast. The Russo-Manchurian land contingent has now been increased, the despatches say, to 250,000 men. According to the very trustworthy correspondent of the London "Times" at Peking, Russia has appropriated $2,700,000 from the customs receipts of the Manchurian port of Niuchang—a Chinese treaty port! While this appropriation may have been unexpected, it must be admitted that, as soon as the phrase "if circumstances permit" was read in Russia's written assurances to the Powers, no one expected an evacuation. It would be easy to find circumstances that would not permit. Some months ago the Russian chargé d'affaires at Peking submitted to the Chinese Government a list of eight conditions which contravened international as well as national rights. If China agreed to these conditions, evacuation would take place. When they were published, America and the other Powers made indignant "representations," to use diplomatic language—and Russia promptly disavowed the work of her agent. Later, milder conditions were made by Russia, all of which but one could be accepted by our own Government. That one insured a monopoly of Manchurian trade to Russia. Popular protest was at once made by the American press, and we presume that a protest was also made by our Government. We have not heard, however, of the withdrawal of the obnoxious condition; indeed, since then other and harder conditions for the Chinese have been imposed upon the Peking Government, and as it declined to become vassalized, Russia doubtless salves her conscience with the fact that the new "circumstances" which she has made do not permit her withdrawal.

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Japan and Russia If other governments remain outwardly calm, the Japanese papers declare that for Japan patience is no longer a virtue. Cheated out of Manchuria, its lawful prize at the close of the Chino-Japanese war of 1895, Japan now sees Korea menaced, a country long regarded by the Japanese as absolutely necessary for their overflow population, and in Korea their mercantile and transportation interests are far greater than those of any other nation. Already Russian "forest guards," who are really soldiers, swarm on the Korean side of the Yalu, in consequence of the Korean monarch's foolish concession of lumber-rights at that river's mouth to the Russians. Coincidently we hear of the appointment of a Russian "adviser" at Seoul, the capital. When October 8 passed and Russia was seen to evade her promise to all the Powers regarding Manchuria, it seemed to the Japanese that Russia would hardly hold to any agreement with one of them regarding Korea. Hence there was an increase of the feeling that Japan must act at once or not at all. A few years, perhaps a year, hence, and Russia will

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have intrenched herself, by naval and military forces, by transportation facilities, and by actual occupancy, so that her absorption of Korea would seem surer than her absorption of Manchuria has been. It is not surprising, then, to read that a Japanese squadron has been ordered to the Korean coast, where it is reported to be in Masampho harbor, with a detachment of the Russian fleet cruising not far off. It is even rumored that the Japanese have landed troops. It need not be thought, however, that the squadron is in any particular danger, for, within easy call, Japan has battleships with greater tonnage than those of the Russians, not to mention the possession of more effective cruisers, coast-defense vessels, and torpedo-boats than are the Russian similar craft. Furthermore, the Japanese navy has been tested by war; it has already established "a fighting tradition." In comparison, the Russian navy is an unknown quantity. If Russia is the mightiest land power, Japan is and of necessity must remain the England of the East, a sea power.

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What has Russia Gain in Manchuria?

What has Russia gained by the seizure of Port Arthur, the construction of the Eastern-Chinese Railway, and the establishment of the Russian commercial city of Dalny on the Liaotung peninsula? The Russian liberal review, "Osvobozhdenie," says that Russia has made and is making "enormous and senseless expenditures of men and money in order to create an accursed Yellow Russia," which has no real value for the Russian people. The Russian cost of the Chinese war was, in round numbers, 105,000,000 rubles (about $210,000,000). Together with the strengthening of the navy and the construction of the Eastern-Chinese Railway, the Government has spent in the Far East more than three times that amount.

What have we gained? We have acquired (1) a place where, from the economic point of view, Japan, America, England, and other foreign countries may conveniently dispose of their surplus products; and (2) a place where, from the political point of view, we may become involved in a war with Powers whose combined strength is great enough to defeat us in the Pacific as badly as we were defeated at Sevastopol. . . . The political occupation of Manchuria will not affect the economic conquest of that country by Japan and the United States. Even if the occupation should result in absolutely free trade between Russia and Manchuria, it is hard to imagine a tariff that would wholly exclude from eastern Asia Japanese and American goods. . . . The policy of the Russian Government might be justified on economic grounds if Mr. Witte could transport to Irkutsk, or to some point still nearer the Pacific coast, the cotton industries of Moscow and Vladimir, and the steel and iron manufactures of southern Russia; but such miracles are beyond the power even of our Minister of Finance, and Russia is bled for the benefit of the Japanese and the Americans. If Russia wants a foreign market for her industrial products, she should look for it, not in the Far East, but nearer at hand, in Asia Minor, the Balkan peninsula, and Persia. In relation to these countries—especially Asia Minor and Persia—she enjoys the same advantage of geographical position that makes the competition of Japan and the United States invincible in the Far East. The significance to the Russian people of the Government's expenditure of 600,000,000 or 700,000,000 rubles in Manchuria will become apparent when we state that for half that sum it would be possible to give a good primary education to the whole illiterate population of the Empire. Consider it, people of Russia! Is not this a crime against which every patriotic citizen should protest?

The Russian journals "The New Country" and "The Far East" are also pessimistic. From their point of view the northern and eastern parts of Manchuria, before the construction of the railway, were the natural market of the Amur country; while now they are lost to Russia and will fall into the hands of the Japanese, especially with the completion of the Fusan-Seoul railway through Korea to the Manchurian frontier on the lower Yalu.

❀

What Russia Hopes to Gain

Commenting on this situation, the Russian authority, Professor Migulin, admits that the construction of the Manchurian railway has not had the effect of developing Russian industries, because all the material for it was purchased abroad, and the laborers on it were Chinese.

The only hope we could have was that, in the remote future, posterity would reap the

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fruits of our present sacrifices; but if we evacuate Manchuria, even that hope will vanish. And yet we continue to throw away money in the Far East in the erection of huge commercial cities like Dalny, which, in the opinion of local observers, can have no future whatever. . . . It is very desirable that there should be some limit to such reckless expenditure, which is ruinous to the interior of Russia. . . . Foreigners have flooded Manchuria and eastern Siberia with their merchandise, to the exclusion of Russian goods. We have simply borne the expense of creating and maintaining transportation routes, and of defending them in a country that swarms with robbers and brigands. The annexation of Manchuria is the only means of escape from such abnormal situation.

In our estimation, Professor Migulin's view does not completely divulge Russia's ambition. In occupying and holding Manchuria, the Russian Government aims not only at establishing closer commercial relations with that part of the world, but at the ultimate domination and control, first of North China and then, if possible, of all China. The Eastern-Chinese railway, as an investment, may not pay; but the conquest of China—or even complete political control of that great empire, with its vast commercial possibilities—*will* pay, and the railway is a necessary means of achieving that conquest or obtaining that control. The "Osvobozhdenie" asserts that England, America, and Japan will never permit Russia to drive their commerce out of the Far Eastern field. The Powers named would doubtless protest against, and perhaps resist with force, any attempt on the part of Russia to exclude them from the Oriental market *now*, but are they likely to fight for that market ten or twenty years hence, when Russia has colonized Manchuria, intrenched herself therein, and made her position as the dominating Power in eastern Asia absolutely secure? Furthermore, the "Osvobozhdenie" says that Russia can never transport the cotton industries of Moscow and Vladimir and the steel and iron manufactures of southern Russia to the Far East and thus secure the Oriental market to the exclusion of her transoceanic competitors. That is obviously true; but if she obtains supreme control in China, what is to prevent her from developing the mineral resources of that empire and establishing iron, steel, and cotton manufactures with Russian capital and Chinese cheap labor on the spot? Some of Russia's statesmen take a long look ahead; and if they strain the financial resources of the Empire by putting a billion and a half of dollars into a present seemingly unprofitable "adventure" in Manchuria, it is not merely because they want a share in the trade of that particular region, but because they are aiming at the political and commercial conquest of China.

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More Anti-Jewish Riots in Russia

The feeling of indignation roused throughout the civilized world by the anti-Jewish atrocities in Kishenev does not seem to have awakened the Russian Government to a consciousness of its responsibility for such outbreaks, nor led it to take adequate measures for their prevention. On the 11th of September an anti-Jewish riot broke out in the town of Gomel, in the province of Mohilef, and seems to have continued unchecked for several days. According to information received by the Jewish Relief Committee in Berlin, three hundred and forty-five houses of Jewish artisans were plundered and wrecked, twenty-five Jews were killed outright, and three hundred wounded more or less seriously. About the same time the Christian peasants attacked the Jews in the town of Zablotoff, beat forty of them so cruelly that a number died, tortured one by tearing his flesh with pincers, and plundered most of the Jewish shops. The killing and wounding in Gomel are attributed to the brutality of the soldiers and police, who attacked the Jews while the latter were defending themselves from a Christian mob. We see no reason to modify the opinion expressed in a previous number of The Outlook with regard to the direct responsibility of the Russian Government for such acts of violence and cruelty. It may not directly incite or encourage its ignorant and bigoted peasantry to attack the Jews, but it permits its priests and a certain class of its newspapers to do so, and thus becomes an accomplice before the fact, if

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not *particeps criminis*. By means of its press censorship it controls all the newspapers in the Empire, and issues every year thousands of circular-letters of instruction to editors with regard to matters that may or may not be discussed. It has full power, therefore, to prevent the publication of articles intended to excite class hatred, if it chooses to exercise that power, and when it permits a man like Krushevan to make inflammatory appeals to race prejudice, in such journals as the "Bessarabian" and the "Standard," it is idle for it to disclaim responsibility for the tragic results that follow.

❀

An Anti-Jewish "Fable"

As an illustration of the kind of matter that it allows its censors to approve, we give below a slightly abridged translation of an anti-Jewish "fable" recently printed in a newspaper called the "Znamya" (Standard), edited and controlled by the well-known Judæophobist, Krushevan:

THE BEDBUG AND THE FLY: A FABLE FOR THESE DAYS

Once upon a time, among the bedbugs, there was a terrible commotion, caused by the buzzing of certain flies.[1] The bedbugs were thrown into a state of violent indignation—just as they are when they scent their prey and discover that they are going to have fleas for competitors. "Everything was perfectly quiet here," the bedbugs said, "and we were drinking blood comfortably and peaceably until you came along and waked the man up with your buzzing. Then he gave a great slap, killed a whole lot of us and disturbed all the others. It's a shame, in this age of civilization and culture, that such things should be done; and it's all the fault of you flies." Just then, one of the flies, hearing this complaint, alighted plump on the man's nose, and from there cried out to the bedbugs, "Your wails, my friends, simply amuse people who know you as well as I do. The world is tired to death of your complaints. As long as you bite, suck blood, and smell bad, you'll have trouble. Just as soon as people feel your bite, they'll locate you by your odor and proceed to smash you." I could make this fable clearer, but I don't want to irritate the bedbugs, because, as you know very well, I have good reason for being afraid of them.[2] BUKA.

When the peasants read such a "fable" as this, and know that the censor who approved it is the Vice-Governor of the province, they can hardly be blamed for supposing that in "smashing" the Jewish "bedbugs" they are executing the will of the Czar.

[1] The anti-Jewish newspapers.

[2] An attempt was made, after the Kishenev massacre, to assassinate Krushevan, who is supposed to be the author of this "fable."

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The Macedonian Insurrection

Last week, after much provocation from both sides, Turkish troops crossed the Bulgarian frontier. The result was that expected by most observers. The blustering Bulgarians retired. There is now a marked lessening of bluster, however, and some lessening of atrocities from either side, if we may believe reports from Sofia and Constantinople. Perhaps this is due to the joint note from the Russian and Austrian Emperors at the beginning of the week, conveying reproof and warning both to the Bulgarian and Turkish Governments. According to the despatches, the Porte has already replied to the effect that Turkey is ready to execute the reforms, but that it is impossible while Bulgaria is secretly supporting the insurrection and mobilizing and preparing for war. The reply says that Bulgaria must prevent the bands from crossing the frontier and cease her military preparations, and, further, that the Powers should insist upon Bulgaria's duty to her suzerain. The Russo-Austrian note has been received skeptically in Sofia and with disbelief that any good can come of it. It is true that it does not go far enough. It criticises the Sultan for not executing his promised reforms, yet the writers of the note must have known that without new agents to execute those reforms the Sultan's task is practically hopeless. The mere appointment of two Swiss and four Belgian officers of the gendarmerie will not suffice. We doubt whether any measure will suffice short of the appointment of all the foreign consuls in the two vilayets or districts comprising Macedonia, and in the vilayet of Adrianople, to superintend the execution of the urgently necessary changes in Turkish administration. This again would require an increase of consular representation. Any reform system, to be successful, must be accompanied with the power to enforce its measures entirely independent of the Sultan.

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The Proposed Anglo-French Treaty

Some time ago we chronicled the visit of many members of the French Chamber of Deputies, under the honored lead of Baron d'Estournelles, to the British House of Commons and the welcome reception which the Frenchmen received there. For years Baron d'Estournelles has been working in the direction of international arbitration. He formed an organization of members of the French Parliament, and they have gained influence throughout France. The visit of this group to England, and King Edward's characteristic diplomacy both during his recent visit to Paris and during the visit of President Loubet to London, have now had the hoped-for result. Terms of a general treaty of arbitration have already been decided upon between the Foreign Offices of the two countries, although certain minor questions of detail still remain to be settled. It is announced that the treaty follows the general lines of the Hay-Pauncefote arbitration treaty, which, though rejected by the United States Senate, now serves the useful purpose of giving the basis for a new treaty, the importance of which can hardly be measured. The treaty, so it is said, will not bind the two Powers to arbitrate all questions arising, but provides that, whenever possible, disputes shall be settled either by submission to the Hague Arbitration court or by reference to a special tribunal. These tribunals are to be composed of a member selected by each Power and of a third to be chosen by another Power agreed upon by the disputants. After centuries of warfare and the maintenance of vast armaments, England and France seem now approaching each other, as they should and as civilization demands. They have always been neighbors. They should always be friends.

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Mr. Chamberlain's Glasgow Speech

Last week public interest in the proposed change of English fiscal policy increased because of two speeches from Mr. Chamberlain, ex-Colonial Secretary, and an open letter from Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, the Liberal leader. Mr. Chamberlain's popularity was shown by the fact that at Glasgow, where his first speech was delivered, six thousand tickets were issued and the largest hall in the town was packed for hours before the time set for the meeting. With adroitness and courage, Mr. Chamberlain alluded to Adam Smith's connection with Glasgow, claiming that the great free-trader had advocated colonial reciprocity, and, under certain circumstances, retaliation against foreign nations. No one, he said, should now be afraid in Adam Smith's home to preach preference for the colonies or even to combat free imports. The speaker then spoke of the Campanile at Venice, which once seemed as permanent as that city itself but was now only a mass of ruins.

> I do not say that I anticipate such a fate for the British Empire as befell the Campanile in Venice, but I do say that I see signs of decay, cracks and crevices showing that the foundations are not broad and deep enough to sustain it. Am I wrong to warn you?

Mr. Chamberlain's principal "sign of decay" was the certainly moderate increase of only seven and a half per cent. in English export trade as against a thirty per cent. increase in the population since 1872. The increases of German and American export trade were in that period respectively two and a half and five and a half times as much. In order to restore English industries and preserve Imperial prosperity, he said, the present fiscal policy should be reversed. As distinguished from his former utterances, the Glasgow speech contained (1) a specific reference to America, (2) a paternal suggestion to the colonies, and (3) certain new features of a taxation programme. Mr. Chamberlain's first reference was as follows:

> America is the strictest of the protective nations. It has a tariff which to me is an abomination, it is so immoderate, unreasonable, and unnecessary, and although America has profited enormously, I think it has been carried to excessive lengths, and I believe that a great number of intelligent Americans would gladly negotiate with us for its reduction. But until very recent times even this immoderate tariff left us the great tin plate trade, amounting to millions of pounds per annum, and which we might have kept if we had given some reciprocal advantage.

The speaker was sure that the colonies

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were prepared to join with the mother country in the policy he recommends.

They would reserve to us the trade we already enjoy and would also arrange their tariffs in the future in order not to start industries in competition with those already in existence in the mother country, and not only would they enable us to retain our trade with them, but they would give us preference on all trade done with them by our foreign competitors.

This trade, once secured, Mr. Chamberlain claimed, would afford work to over six hundred thousand men. The ex-Colonial Secretary then proceeded to define his "moderate preference." He would tax foreign (not colonial) wheat, flour, meat, dairy produce, wines, and fruits, but not corn or bacon. To offset these increases he would remit a part of the present duty on sugar, tea, coffee, and cocoa (for England is not absolutely a free-trade country). In case of loss to the Exchequer he would impose a ten per cent. duty on manufactured goods. Mr. Chamberlain again protested that the new taxes would not fall on the consumer.

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Mr. Chamberlain's Greenock Speech

The next night, at Greenock, the seaport of Glasgow, Mr. Chamberlain addressed another large audience. He asked why all protective nations prospered more than did the United Kingdom. If the Cobdenites could satisfactorily answer that question, his occupation would be gone. He admitted that the first twenty-five years of Cobden's free trade was a flourishing period, but under conditions since then, if Cobden's policy were continued, workmen would have to take lower wages or lose their work. As an example he quoted from a director of the American Steel Trust, who declared that the Trust had no intention of diminishing its enormous output and throwing thousands of American workmen out of employment. Instead, it would invade foreign markets. Mr. Chamberlain contended that this steel would be sent to England, the only free market, and added:

I warn you that within two or three years you will have dumped here ten million tons of American iron, and thousands of British workmen will lose employment for the sole benefit of American manufacturers and American workmen.

The speaker said that agriculture in Great Britain was practically destroyed, the sugar and silk trades were gone, the iron and wool industries threatened, and the same fate would come to the cotton trade. He asked:

How long are you going to stand it? England is not afraid of foreign countries. She is the greatest market in the whole world, and foreign countries are her best customers. If a tariff war came, England would not come out second best. One reason advanced for America's prosperity is her enormous population of 70,000,000, but the British Empire has 60,000,000 all white and some 350,000,000 of other races, all prospective customers of the mother country.

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A Liberal's Reply

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's letter is the first official Opposition reply to Mr. Chamberlain's proposal. Sir Henry does not attach much importance to the stories of a stagnant trade and a tottering empire. He believes that the facts are opposed to Mr. Chamberlain's assumptions. In especial, concerning a remission of taxes on sugar and tea (as if to offset the proposed taxes on wheat and other commodities) Sir Henry pertinently remarks that the remission of sugar and tea taxes is already due to taxpayers, they being war taxes. He adds:

We ought to hold fast to the traditional colonial policy of a friendly union combined with fiscal freedom. I believe that the existing land system is a greater drain upon the industry and well-being of the people than any consequences that can follow from the operation of tariffs. Sir Robert Giffen tells us that house rents have doubled during the last twenty years.

What right, concludes Sir Henry, has a Government, which has lost the confidence of the country by administrative failure and extravagance, to reverse the accepted fiscal policy of the British people, and substitute therefor "an unalloyed protectionism," burdening the whole community to enable a particular class to make higher profits?

❀

The New British Cabinet

Mr. Balfour, the British Prime Minister, last week announced the changes made in the Cabinet, due to the resignation of Mr. Ritchie, Chancellor of the

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Exchequer; Lord George Hamilton, Secretary for India; Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Secretary for Scotland; and Mr. Chamberlain, Colonial Secretary. The first office is filled by the promotion of Mr. Austen Chamberlain (son of the ex-Colonial Secretary) from the Postmaster-Generalship. Attractive as he is, young Mr. Chamberlain's sudden accession to such exalted office can only be ascribed to a clever maneuver on the part of the ex-Colonial Secretary to gain prestige from his own resignation and at the same time to maintain his extraordinary hold on Mr. Balfour's colleagues. The Secretaryship for India is filled by the transfer of Mr. Brodrick from the War Office. As Mr. Brodrick has not covered himself with glory there, the Indian Department is not strengthened by the choice. Mr. Graham Murray, who has been Lord Advocate, is the new Secretary for Scotland, while the new Colonial Secretary is not Lord Milner, for whose acceptance much effort was made, but Mr. Alfred Lyttelton, an amiable personality, but with no experience in administrative life. Lord Stanley, another pleasant personality, is now Postmaster-General, and Mr. Arnold-Forster, an industrious worker, and lately Secretary to the Admiralty, becomes the new War Secretary. As all these changes involve the promotion or transfer of young men, even the London "Times," friendly as it is to Mr. Balfour, resigns itself to Lord Beaconsfield's dictum that "a nation is saved by its youth." In truth, the reconstructed body pleases no one. A particularly vigorous critic is Mr. John Redmond, the official head of the Irish Nationalist group, which holds the balance of power. Mr. Redmond says that the Cabinet is weaker than before, since no new man of any mark has been added to it. He grimly adds: "Even if it should meet Parliament in January, it cannot last for a week, unless the Irish party comes to its assistance." Though the Land Reform Act has become law, Mr. Redmond may think (ungrateful as it may appear) that he has now more to gain from the Liberals. As he says, "What we are concerned about is reform of the abuses in Ireland and the restoration of our national government, and we do not very much care from which English party we obtain our rights."

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The Duke of Devonshire

As foreshadowed in The Outlook last week, to the other resignations must now be added that of the Duke of Devonshire, Lord President of the Council. Himself a worthy representative of the great Whig Dukes and an old-fashioned free-trader, he consented to stand by Mr. Balfour so long as that Premier remained a Fair Trader, as defined by the latter's now famous pamphlet, even though it led to three Cabinet resignations because it went too far, and to one because it did not go far enough. When, however, a fortnight later, Mr. Balfour proclaimed at Sheffield that there was no difference at base between his views and Mr. Chamberlain's and thus became a protectionist, the Duke's patience was strained to the breaking point and he resigned. It is not too much to say that with this resignation the Balfour Cabinet has lost its most impressive figure. Long Mr. Gladstone's right-hand man, the Duke, then Marquis of Hartington, only separated from his chief in 1886, on the introduction of the separatist measure for Ireland, to which the cold-blooded murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish (Lord Hartington's brother) in Dublin added tragic point. Since then he has universally been regarded as the head of English Liberal-Unionists. Though slow-moving, the Duke of Devonshire has always commanded the confidence of voters, quite independent of party lines, in his prudence and sagacity. His resignation from the Coalition Cabinet may give it a *coup de grâce* from which it cannot recover. The appointment, just announced, of the young Marquis of Salisbury to the Duke's office only emphasizes the enormous disparity in reputation and competence between the new Cabinet and the old.

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Protecting the President

Two or three recent attempts by men of ill-balanced mind to force themselves into the presence of President Roosevelt emphasize the desirability

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of adopting some proper and adequate method of protecting the chief executive of this Nation from the possibility of such attacks as that which resulted in the death of Mr. Roosevelt's predecessor. Three out of the last seven elected Presidents have died by the assassin's hand—a numerical proportion which is really startling. It is natural that our Presidents, representing as they do a democracy, should feel averse to anything that would seemingly lessen the democratic character of their relations with the people. Particularly is this true of the present incumbent of the President's office, to whom it is instinctive to deal freely with all men. The sentiment is a laudable one, but it should not be allowed to interfere with the safeguarding of a life whose security is of such vast importance. This very importance serves to attract the attention of insane minds almost as a candle draws the moth. A people of eighty millions cannot act in these matters as did the smaller and simpler communities of a few generations ago. After the death of President McKinley, for a short time activity was shown in this matter, and various bills were introduced into Congress designed for the protection of the President. As time passed on, however, Congress became indifferent to the subject. It is well at this time to call attention to the three specific recommendations made by President Roosevelt in his first Message. Of these much the most practicable and important seems to us to be that the Federal courts should be given jurisdiction over any man who kills or attempts to kill the President of the United States or any person who is in the line of succession. If to-day, for instance, a President of the United States is shot and killed in a State where capital punishment does not exist, the assassin must be tried under the laws of that State, and can be punished only as the criminal code directs. This is only one of several reasons which will readily occur to every logical mind why the President of the United States should be protected by United States law. In Congress some objections were made to the plan, but it does not seem to have been thoroughly considered. Unless some insuperable objection can be shown, it should be urged both for its practical effect and to give dignity to the proceedings which must follow an assassination or an attempt at assassination. President Roosevelt also recommended measures looking to the suppression of Anarchists and Anarchistic literature and the adoption of treaties with other nations for the same end. Still another measure which is now suggested is the forming of a body of men who should have as their special business to do as unobtrusively as possible what is now done—so far as it is done—almost irregularly by men paid out of the secret service fund, which was not originally designed for this purpose. It is clear that this subject should not longer be ignored. Its importance demands early and adequate action.

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The Postal Inquiry For several months the Post-Office Department has been conducting a widely extended and searching inquiry into charges of fraud, bribery, and official misconduct. This investigation has been carried on under the direct injunction of President Roosevelt to seek for every indication of dishonesty and to spare no guilty person, however high in official position he might be. The charges originally made by Mr. Tulloch were at first treated with scant respect by Postmaster-General Payne, who characterized them as "hot air," but before long Mr. Payne saw the gravity of the situation and has since forwarded the inquiry in every way. To Mr. Robert J. Wynne, First Assistant Postmaster-General, and to Mr. Bristow, Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General, must be attributed in large measure the credit respectively for bringing about the investigation and for carrying it through with ability; Mr. Bristow, in particular, has devoted his energy and his remarkable expert knowledge to the task unflinchingly, and has been undeterred by opposition, influence, and threatened unpopularity. The inquiry is practically closed for the present. The result is at least twenty-five indictments by the Federal Grand Jury on criminal charges. The guilt or inno-

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cence of the indicted men must now be determined by the Federal courts. It would be both wrong and presumptuous to express an opinion on these criminal cases before they have been tried, but it may be properly said that there has been established already *prima facie* evidence of extended wrong-doing in the Department. Conspiracy to defraud the Government, the giving and taking of bribes, attempted blackmail, and the sale of appointments are all included in the charges. The transactions involved are many and separate; some of the indicted persons were concerned in many of these transactions, others in one only. Thus, August W. Machen, the former General Superintendent of Free Delivery, has been indicted fourteen times—eleven times for conspiracy to defraud the Government out of an aggregate of $250,000, and three times for asking or receiving bribes; George W. Beavers, formerly Superintendent of the Division of Salaries and Allowances, has been indicted twice by the Brooklyn Grand Jury and four times by the Grand Jury of the District of Columbia. It appears from the indictments that these two men are charged with being at the head of many different conspiracies and fraudulent transactions. In the "automatic cashier" case, for instance, it is charged that the Government, by a corrupt agreement between Beavers, George F. Miller, president of the company which manufactures the automatic cashiers, and ex-Congressman Driggs, was made to pay $150 for an automatic cashier, while the full trade price was $125, and that Driggs and Beavers divided part of the money paid. An almost exactly similar transaction is charged to have taken place in the purchase of time clocks, and the president of the time-clock company, George E. Green, a member of the New York Senate, is indicted together with Beavers. These are only specimen transactions of one class of cases. Another class is illustrated by the indictment of James M. Tyner, who is seventy-seven years old, has been thirty-nine years in the service of the Government, and was formerly Postmaster-General of the United States. Tyner, his nephew, and others are indicted on a charge of having corruptly offered to prevent the Post-Office Department from forbidding the use of the mails to so-called "get-rich" companies, who were robbing foolish people all over the country by alluring advertisements in the newspapers.

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The Case of Mr. Metcalf

Another class of wrong-doing is illustrated by the indictment of James T. Metcalf, formerly Superintendent of the Money-Order Division, his son, Norman R. Metcalf, who is an employee of the Wynkoop-Hallenbeck-Crawford Company, of New York, and H. C. Hallenbeck, a partner of that company. This indictment presents charges much more serious than those on which Mr. James T. Metcalf was summarily dismissed last June, charges which were not at that time made public. On the facts as they then appeared we said, not that Mr. Metcalf was entitled to be reinstated, but that he was "entitled to a more thorough hearing both from the Postmaster-General and from the general public than he has received." It now appears that this more thorough investigation had already been undertaken, and as the result of it the present indictment has been found. It charges that Mr. Metcalf allowed the Wynkoop-Hallenbeck-Crawford Company to disregard certain clauses in their contract with the Post-Office Department and to furnish goods inferior to those required, and that Mr. Metcalf's son, who was in the employ of the company, received compensation for this and other similar illegal and fraudulent indulgences. We shall be very glad if Mr. Metcalf can prove that he was not personally responsible for the frauds charged against his department, and still more glad if he can prove that no such frauds were committed. But pending the trial of this indictment we must recall our statement made in The Outlook for July 11, that Mr. Metcalf "has proved both his competence and his integrity by years of faithful work for the Government," and recommend our readers to suspend their judgment respecting his integrity, as we are compelled to sus-

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pend ours, until the pending issue is settled by the courts. In justice to Mr. Metcalf it ought to be added that he has remained in Washington to meet the charges, that he has not attempted to evade them, and that he is reported to have declared that he will meet them on the merits and not by any merely technical defense.

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The New York Campaign: Kaleidoscopic Changes

The New York campaign last week presented what have been aptly termed "kaleidoscopic changes." At the beginning of the week the Brooklyn Democratic machine was in revolt against the action of the Tammany majority of the Democratic convention in placing Comptroller Grout and President Fornes on the Democratic ticket. These officials, it proclaimed, were not regular Democrats, and the regular Democrats of Brooklyn could not indorse them at the dictation of the Tammany boss without a complete surrender of the independence of their organization. The Republican leaders of the Fusion movement at first favored the encouragement of this Brooklyn revolt against Tammany by filling the places of Messrs. Grout and Fornes on the Fusion ticket by the candidates presented by the Brooklyn organization to the Democratic Convention. President Cutting, of the Citizens' Union, however, consistently refused to accept the nominees of the Brooklyn Democratic machine to replace the Fusion officials condemned because of their acceptance of a Tammany indorsement. A formal alliance between the Fusionists and the Brooklyn Democratic machine was thus prevented, and the morale of the Fusion movement was maintained. After many conferences, all the Fusion leaders finally agreed upon two uncompromising anti-Tammany Democrats to fill the places of Mr. Grout and Mr. Fornes. Mr. Hinrichs, of Brooklyn, selected for Comptroller, was the candidate of the Gold Democrats for Lieutenant-Governor in 1896, and is universally recognized as a man of ability, character, and culture. Mr. McGuire, of Manhattan, selected to succeed Mr. Fornes as President of the Board of Aldermen—not President of Manhattan Borough, as we incorrectly designated him last week—is, like Mr. Fornes, a prominent Catholic, and, unlike him, believes that a victory for Tammany is an injury to the cause of Democracy. The Republican city convention reconvened, without any of the legal complications threatened by Mr. Grout, and unanimously substituted the new candidates agreed upon for those previously nominated. At the Citizens' Union convention Mr. Hinrichs's nomination was agreed upon with like unanimity, but the radical Democrats who constituted a considerable minority of the body made a determined effort to substitute the name of Henry George, Jr., for that of Mr. McGuire, and refused to make the latter's nomination unanimous. At the close of the week both the Fusion and the Democratic candidates were officially notified of their nomination. Mayor Low, in accepting the Fusion nomination, declared the one issue of the campaign to be the maintenance of a government in the interest of the city, as against a government in the interest of a party and the corruptionists who use party machinery for personal ends. Mr. McClellan, in accepting the Democratic nomination for Mayor, declared that the supreme issue of the campaign was whether New York should have an administration that should strengthen Republicanism or Democracy. Mr. Grout, in accepting the Democratic nomination for Comptroller, declared that a few weeks ago he thought the issue was the record of the non-partisan administration, but that the course of the Fusionists in condemning officials for accepting the nominations of all parties had convinced him that the issue of partisanship was the central one of the campaign. As a Democrat, therefore, he would support Mr. McClellan. The issue of partisanship thus raised is discussed in our editorial on "The Mainstay of Corruption."

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Mayor Low's Acceptance

Mayor Low's letter of acceptance differs from Mr. McClellan's in being, not a promise of future performance, but a record of performances past. The Po-

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lice Department has been purified from blackmail. The Law Department has changed a deficiency of $140,000 a year into a profit of $400,000 a year. The Department of Water has increased the income from water-rates by upward of a million dollars per annum, stopped a waste of twelve million gallons per day, and furnished the city with scientific plans for more perfect water supply. The Street-Cleaning Department, by its use of the refuse, has created a property worth more than half a million of dollars, and has devised an incinerator that pays one hundred per cent. on its cost. Small parks and children's playgrounds have been formed, a hospital for consumptives organized, the new city prison finished, and a reform school for boys established. The Fire Department has cut down the total loss by fire from $8,816,365 in 1901 to less than seven millions in 1902. One new bridge to Brooklyn will be thrown open for use early in December, and plans for other bridges are well advanced. Eighteen millions of dollars have been voted for new sites and new school buildings, and the use of the school buildings out of school hours for the children and the people in the neighborhood has been greatly extended. The death-rate has been reduced, smallpox has been effectually stamped out, and a system of home nursing for children has been provided. The new buildings under the Tenement-House Law insure light and air to all their occupants, and old buildings are having their abuses corrected. The assessment of the real estate of the city at full value, coupled with the publication of assessment, raised the amount which the city has to expend, and made impossible a return to the favoritism of the past. The income of the city from railroad franchises has been increased by sixty per cent., and all franchises have been either limited in their term or accompanied with provisions for revaluation every twenty-five years. The rapid-transit plan in process of development will secure one fare from and to all parts of the city, with universal transfers. Grade crossings of railroads are abolished in Manhattan, Brooklyn, and the Bronx. At the same time the great corporations have been dealt with so fairly that more than seventy-five millions of dollars are about to be spent in the city by such corporations in improving the city's transportation facilities. Mayor Low closes his letter by stating the three principles for which the reform movement stands: (1) A government of law, as against one of favoritism and corruption; (2) a government in the interest of the public treasury, as against one in the interest of Tammany; (3) a government of the city in the interest of its own citizens, as against one "swayed this way or that by the supposed interests of National politics." He who believes with Patrick Henry that the lamp of experience is the light by which we are to guide our footsteps in the future will find this report of Mayor Low—for it is practically that—a very illuminating document.

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New York's Child Labor Laws Enforced

The most important of the advanced Child Labor Laws enacted by the New York Legislature at its last session has just gone into effect. These laws, it will be recalled, do not change the age at which children may enter factories and stores, but they extend the old restrictions to other industries and make the restrictions in all industries more easily enforceable. Hitherto, as Dr. Lederle, Commissioner of Health in New York City, has recently stated, "the parent's word has been accepted regarding a child's age, and the result has been merely to put a premium on perjury. The new laws require parents to supply some real evidence that the child has reached the age of fourteen years." A copy of a birth or baptismal certificate, or some convincing school record, must be filed when the application is made. The most important kind of work in which child labor is now for the first time restricted is the delivery and messenger service of shops, restaurants, telegraph companies, and business offices of all sorts. The fact that the messenger service has been peculiarly subject to moral temptations makes the restriction of the employment of little children in this field particularly important. One important feature of

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the new law, which aroused singularly little opposition in the Legislature, is that providing that children less than sixteen years of age shall not work longer than nine hours a day. According to the New York Factory Inspector, the fact that these children have been accustomed during their school life to only five hours a day of indoor work makes them peculiarly unable to bear without injury the strain of the ten-hour work-day now customary in our factories. It will be recalled that in England the provision that women and children shall not work more than fifty-six and a half hours a week has gradually had the effect of causing factories to grant what is practically a nine-hour day to all their employees. The friends of the law are perfectly willing to see the same result here. The Factory Inspector reports that disregard for the provisions of the new law is to be punished by fines. The department, he says, will no longer be satisfied with the dismissal of the children under the required legal age. President Roosevelt has written to Mr. Hall, the Secretary of the Child Labor Committee, which secured the adoption of the new code, heartily congratulating him upon the success of the agitation and declaring that "we now have in New York State child labor laws which I believe will be enforced."

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The Sympathetic Strike in the Colorado Mines

Large portions of the State of Colorado are now the scenes of an alarming strike in the metal mining camps, and similar conditions threaten in the coal regions. A day of eight hours' length in the mining industry has won its way all over the State until, with few exceptions, only the smelters require ten and twelve hours, or two shifts of men instead of three. As the result of persistent effort by the miners' unions, the Legislature in 1899 passed a law making the length of the working day eight hours for all mining industries. This was promptly declared unconstitutional. Last fall the question was put to popular vote, the result being the adoption by 40,000 majority of a constitutional amendment permitting an eight-hour law. This expression was looked on as committing the members of the Legislature to the enactment of such a law; but the influence of the opponents of the measure was strong enough to defeat the expectation. Since this legislative defeat there has been a determined effort by the Western Federation of Miners to force the smelting works to establish the eight-hour day with unchanged wages. The workmen in the smelters are members of the Miners' Federation. Any mine, therefore, shipping ore or ore products to a smelter under present conditions is, from the Federation standpoint, injuring the brotherhood. The mines at Cripple Creek have been shipping to the works of the United States Reduction Company at Colorado City. As these works had been declared "unfair," the miners of Cripple Creek were ordered out on sympathetic strike. To protect the mines and maintain order a thousand militiamen have been sent to the scene of trouble. The mines in this rich gold field are declaring themselves "open," importing miners from outside, and are determined to continue operating. The miners had no grievance of their own. In the Silverton section, the local union of over a thousand members is under contract not to strike for three years. The power to order a strike, which in this case also would be purely sympathetic, rests with the executive committee of the Western Federation. At present the outlook is for no strike in this large camp. The men do not want to go out. Sensible people agree that, however right the Federation may be in its contention for a universal eight-hour day, any method which tends to lead or drive contented workmen out on sympathetic strikes and paralyze the industries of a State can result only in withdrawing sympathy from the cause, a sympathy which for many reasons it deserves.

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The Steel Trust's New Offer to its Employees

No feature of the recent decline in the price of United States Steel stock has called forth more comment than the losses of the employees who accepted the company's profit-

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sharing offer of last January and bought preferred shares, carrying special privileges, at 82½ dollars a share—or about one-third more than the same shares now bring in the open market. Inasmuch as the aggregate amount of stock offered to employees was but 25,000 shares, or barely one four hundredth part of the total amount of steel stock on the market, the losses of the profit-sharing stockholders have been but a drop in the bucket compared with those of the investing public; but the fact that most of the profit-sharers were wage-earners and that all of them had suffered a loss through their acceptance of a gift made their position appeal with peculiar force to the public imagination. The directors of the corporation have met the criticisms which have been made upon them in this connection by issuing a notice that in January and February, 1908, the company would on demand buy back the stock of its shareholding employees at the price they had paid for it, minus the bonus to be meanwhile paid them if they do not take part in any strike. This announcement demonstrates the desire of the management to deal generously with the employees who remain continuously in its service, but the incident also makes yet clearer the wisdom of Mr. Carnegie's comment on the profit-sharing offer, when he referred to the danger of a fall in the market, and added that it was a misfortune to have the minds of employees, high or low, turned toward the variations in the stock market. Where corporations adopt profit-sharing plans, it is better that they should proportion profits shared to wages earned, and permit all employees performing faithful service to have a part in the "dividend to labor." If, however, only stockholding employees are to be permitted to share in this dividend, it is better that they should get their stock by the payment of a fixed deposit, and have the exact amount of the deposit returnable to them when they leave the company's employ. Either of these plans avoids the difficulties arising when employees look to the market instead of their work for the increase of their income and their prosperity.

The Waterbury Election The town elections held in Connecticut last week were without special significance, except in Waterbury. Here the candidates were deliberately chosen in order to secure a verdict on the issue of radical unionism. The Economic League, which had elected a labor Mayor in Hartford, wrested control in the Democratic primaries from the old-line "machine" and conservative elements, and nominated for Mayor its own local president, James M. Lynch, a prominent member of the Typographical Union. The principal managers of Mr. Lynch's canvass for both the nomination and the election were the president of the Central Labor Union and the president of the Trolley Union during the trolley strike—a strike which, it will be remembered, was accompanied by a serious mob outbreak, a murderous assault on two non-unionists, the murder of a policeman, and a boycott of merchants and others who rode on the cars. These two labor leaders were identified in the public mind with the radical union policy which indirectly contributed to these outbreaks, and the former, by popular belief, purposed to push the same rule-or-ruin policy among the employees of the factories, against one of which he has already inaugurated a boycott because of a minor strike. The Republicans met this challenge deliberately by nominating for Mayor John P. Elton, the Secretary and Treasurer of the American Brass Company, a combination of large rolling-mills and factories capitalized at $10,000,000 and known as the "Brass Trust." Each candidate was under forty, and, in his way, a type. Mr. Lynch is a self-made man, who by studying nights fitted himself to pass successfully the examination for the bar, and against whom personally not a word of criticism was heard. Mr. Elton is the worthy representative of large inherited wealth, belonging to a family of social leadership which for three generations has been distinguished for just and kindly dealings; himself unaffected in manner and popular with all who have any relations with him. Thus personalities were eliminated from the campaign, the "paramount issue" being

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whether Waterbury should indorse radical unionism and the resort to means like the boycott to make it effective to the injury of the city's industries; emphasized by the further question whether inherited wealth and the control of large capital constitute of themselves a disqualification for civic office. The answer was the election of Mr. Elton by a majority of 977, reversing a normal Democratic majority of about 600, in a total vote that fell short by only a hundred or so of the largest vote ever cast, that of the last Presidential election. As it is estimated that at least more than half the voters of Waterbury are members of the unions, the result is a vindication of the good sense and civic patriotism of a sane minority in the unions. It is also encouraging evidence that even on a question arousing such bitter intensity of class feeling the people can be trusted to decide right a clean-cut issue of good government.

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The Universalist Centennial

In the old church in the little town of Winchester, in the southwestern corner of New Hampshire, the Bethlehem of the Universalist denomination, the centennial of the "Winchester Profession" was celebrated October 1. Here in 1803 the delegates of thirty-eight societies, all New Englanders but two, organized a new religious body upon the doctrinal basis known as "the Winchester Profession," undeservedly omitted from Dr. Schaff's standard work, "The Creeds of Christendom." Winchester was long the favorite rendezvous of the new organization; five times in thirty years it assembled here. The proximate cause of the "Profession," it should be said, was not theological but economical. In the union of State and Church which then still prevailed, the support of "the standing order" of religion was undertaken by each town. Dissenters belonging to unrecognized denominations were taxed for the support of the established church. Universalists were thus constrained to organization, and two years later were exempted from the town-church tax as "a distinct denomination with privileges as such."

Addresses and Memorials

The original manuscript of the "Profession" occupied the place of honor upon the centennial platform. Dr. John Coleman Adams, of Hartford, spoke of its historical significance as "the first explicit statement in a creed of what is known as liberal Christianity. . . . Sixty-three years," said he, "before Bushnell these men were preaching his doctrine of the Atonement. They were the vanguard of the new theology. . . . It is the fashion to admit the truth for which the Universalist Church has fought, but to forget the fact that Universalists fought for it." The Profession reads as follows:

I. We believe that the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments contain a revelation of the character of God, and of the duty, interest, and final destination of mankind.

II. We believe that there is One God, whose nature is Love, revealed in One Lord Jesus Christ, by One Holy Spirit of Grace, who will finally restore the whole family of mankind to holiness and happiness.

III. We believe that holiness and true happiness are inseparably connected, and that believers ought to be careful to maintain order and practice good works, for these things are good and profitable unto men.

The commemorative historical address was given by Dr. J. S. Cantwell, of Chicago. Among other addresses, Dr. J. M. Pullman spoke of the theological character of Universalism, looking to the ultimate salvation, through divine discipline, of the entire race; and Dr. I. M. Atwood dwelt upon the spiritual side of the distinctive idea of Universalism—the supremacy of right and truth and goodness. As permanent memorials of the day, a monument to Hosea Ballou, the founder, though not the first preacher, of American Universalism, was dedicated at his birthplace in the adjoining town of Richmond; a memorial organ with an inscribed gold plate was presented to the historic church, and a sum of money was raised for a parsonage fund. It should be added that the Winchester Profession has never been changed. It still stands, with a supplement in the Chicago Declaration of 1899, which commends it as containing the essential principles of the Universalist faith, and conditions fellow-

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ship upon profession of these principles, but "neither [upon] this nor any other precise form of words."

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The New York Campaign

The Mainstay of Corruption

In the campaign just begun in New York, National issues are most encouragingly in the background. Nothing is heard of the tariff, the currency, or imperialism. The contention of the radical municipal reformers of a few years ago, that these issues should be entirely banished from municipal contests, seems now to be accepted in New York City. In part, of course, this gain for non-partisanship is due to the lukewarmness of Tammany Hall toward the National issues which the Democratic party has championed under Mr. Bryan's leadership. In still greater part it is due to the progressive action of the last New York Constitutional Convention in providing that municipal elections shall not be held in the same year with State or National elections. But in the main it is due to the common consent among thinking men of all parties that National issues have nothing to do with city affairs, and that these affairs can never be passed upon by the people unless National issues are excluded from city campaigns. The gain is of great importance, and New York is to be congratulated upon having taken a stride toward sane non-partisanship, one which few other great cities where one party is in a secure majority on National issues have taken with equal firmness.

Unfortunately, however, the elimination of the issues upon which National partisanship is supposed to be based has not brought with it the elimination of the partisanship. It is, indeed, much less intense, and thousands of Democrats on National issues are cordially supporting Mayor Low upon the record of his administration. But much of the partisanship remains, and apparently the whole open work of Tammany Hall in the campaign is directed toward the rekindling of that partisanship so that voters may again divide substantially upon party lines. If it can succeed in this effort, its victory is won.

These tactics are not peculiar to Tammany Hall. They are the tactics of the machine of the dominant party in every city where either party is in an overwhelming majority. They are the tactics of the Republican machines in Philadelphia and Cincinnati quite as much as they are those of the Democratic machine in New York. In all of our cities the most corrupting elements in local politics attach themselves to the machine of the dominant party—the party able to give them protection. Party names count for nothing. Years ago Mr. Gould, in describing the political activities of the Erie Railroad, said quite frankly: "In Republican districts we were for the Republicans and in Democratic districts for Democrats, but always for Erie." More recently the president of one of the great trusts was quoted as saying that in Republican States he contributed to the Republican committee, in Democratic States to the Democratic committee, and in doubtful States to both. Whatever may be the accuracy or inaccuracy of this quotation, there is no doubt that it describes the methods of those who seek corrupt privileges in municipal life. When, after the overthrow of the reconstruction government, New Orleans suddenly passed from the absolute control of a Republican ring to the absolute control of a Democratic ring, the very men, in many instances, who had been the leaders in the one soon became the leaders in the other. In our Northern cities we have had no such sudden changes from one party despotism to another, but the same tendency has been everywhere manifest. Twenty years ago many good people thought that the corruption of Tammany Hall was an isolated phenomenon in American life, caused by the subserviency of the immigrant poor to the Democratic machine. But during the past few years the most shameless examples of municipal corruption exposed—those in Philadelphia, St. Louis, and Minneapolis—have all been under Republican administrations, elected chiefly by the suffrages of the native-born and the well-to-do. Municipal

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corruption has nothing to do with party lines. It serves the party able to serve it, and the more strongly either party is in the majority the more tenaciously it clings to that party. Absolutely non-partisan itself, the chief agency by which it protects itself in power is the partisanship of decent citizens.

For the partisanship to which corrupt machines appeal for their own preservation there is not wanting a plausible defense. It is everywhere urged that there must be a responsible city government, and that permanent party organizations alone can give it. Were the party organizations municipal party organizations, there would be some force in this boast as to their responsibility. But they are in every instance National party organizations, and their claim to give to cities a responsible government is a claim to give them a wholly irresponsible government. The National party organization must be supported in National elections by all who believe in the principles of the party. If it must be supported in city elections also, then its municipal rule is irresponsible. City elections must be decided upon city issues, or else the party machine is the master, and the popular self-government of cities is a farce.

These considerations are obvious enough—almost as obvious as the desirability of separating National from municipal elections—yet such are the excesses of National partisanship everywhere that the corrupt elements are able to divide good citizens, while they are absolutely a unit for the city administration which promises them the license to plunder. As we have before observed, the only open appeal of Tammany Hall is to the partisanship of all members of its own party. It makes no open appeal to Republicans or even to Independents. It recalls the Democratic majority of over a hundred thousand in the city at the State election a year ago, and its only concern, so far as its public appeals show, is to keep Democrats from voting as Independents. Meanwhile, however, it is conducting a subterranean campaign, appealing to every citizen, Republican as well as Democratic, whose special interests have been disturbed by the reform administration. Did these special interests have to stand alone at the polls, the majority for good government would be overwhelming. But with these interests united on behalf of an organization willing to serve them for a price, and disinterested citizens divided by partisanship, the result is in doubt. If the cause of good government triumphs, it will be because the people are awakened to the truth that National partisanship in municipal elections is the last refuge of corruption.

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The Americo-Chinese Treaty

Last week an event occurred which may prove historical. Through the signing of the Americo-Chinese treaty, both America and China should enter upon a new and more influential phase of existence—America, because the treaty marks the attainment of a new stage in the development of world-wide influence; China, because the treaty may mark the beginning of stability in her fiscal foundations.

This treaty, after embodying a number of diplomatic and consular changes, already sanctioned by usage, accomplishes six reforms: it abolishes the irritating *likin*, or tax on goods in provincial transit; it correspondingly raises the Imperial customs duties, thus guaranteeing to the central Government its proper revenue, hitherto filched from it by rapacious governors, mandarins, and tax-gatherers; it offers proper terms for mining and other concessions; it promises protection to trade-marks and copyright; it allots two new treaty ports, Mukden and Antung in Manchuria; and, finally, it places our missionaries on a regularly defined treaty basis, protecting them in the free exercise of their religion, and securing what they have long sought, the recognition of their right to rent and to lease in perpetuity such property as they may need in all parts of the Empire. On the other hand, missionaries will not be allowed to meddle in Chinese administration in any way whatever. Hence, diplomatically, commercially, and religiously, we ought to gain greatly by the new treaty.

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Of the six reforms, important and encouraging as is the last, that of the *likin* will, we think, attract the most immediate attention. All travelers whose books have informed us concerning China have recorded their indignation at the *likin*, or provincial tax. Levied at a great number of points at every caravan and river route, it proved not only costly in the collection but specially subject to an appalling diminution by the tax-gatherers, who, it is true, were often appointed to such lucrative positions with a perfect understanding on both sides that they were free to make all they could out of the office. This was easy, since the taxes were purposely left vaguely indefinite. Slow-moving as are the Chinese, we may look, therefore, for a fairly prompt bureaucratic opposition to the central Government's action.

Nor would that Government have been brought to last week's action but for constant exhortation from the American Department of State that only just such a step, braving a possible native insurrection as fomented by disappointed officials, could give needed strength in defending itself against exterior foes. These foes are the Powers, seeking, by the pretext of Chinese internal corruption and the necessities of their own trade, to intervene to the destruction of Chinese territorial integrity. On the other hand, the necessities of American merchants and missionaries have caused us to intervene to the preservation of Chinese territorial and commercial integrity. Even with this new asset, however, it is still a grave question whether China can resist the destructive factors of foreign origin.

At this juncture, the interests of the United States, seeking no territorial aggrandizement, and those of the Chinese Empire have coincided. This has long been clearly seen by the American Secretary of State. He has proved himself the best friend China ever had—not excepting Sir Robert Hart. In 1900, during the period of horrible Chinese savagery, Mr. Hay, alone among foreign secretaries, persisted in treating the apparently defunct Imperial Government as if it really existed. We might even say that he recalled it to life. But, we add, by the Chinese Government we do not now refer to the barbarous tyranny of the Empress Dowager, who has unlawfully usurped the imperial powers of the Emperor and has been the enemy of foreigners. We refer to those Governmental forces which, despite the machinations of this wonderful old woman, still show a trend towards liberalism and reform—the Government carried on by Prince Ching, the Foreign Minister, by Chang-Chi-Tung, the great viceroy of Hankau, and by Wu-Ting-Fang, late Minister at Washington and now a real force at home.

If ever a China should arise for the liberal, not the reactionary, Chinese, it will be because America has made it possible. For we are optimistic enough to believe that, even in a quarter-century of sovereign integrity, the liberal Chinese could evolve a governmental system suited to their people and to the world. Mr. Hay had the world against him in the pursuance of what other nations called a naïve and fatuous policy towards China, yet this policy will advantage both America and China.

❀

The Value of Appreciation

Many men and women underestimate the value of expression; they take too many things for granted; they assume that their affection, or their gratitude, or their sense of obligation, is understood without words. Such people are often surrounded by those who are craving some expression of affection, some word of approval, some kind of recognition. The best work is sometimes done with shut teeth and a fixed purpose, in dead silence, so far as the world is concerned, without a murmur of applause or a word of thanks; but this is not the way in which work ought to be done among intelligent men and women, and it is not the way in which, as a rule, the best work is evoked from the greatest number of people. The majority of men and women get the best out of themselves when they are in a congenial atmosphere. This is particularly true of those finer kinds of work which express individuality, quality, and personal gift. A

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man may do a piece of mechanical work in arctic coldness; he may do it thoroughly in the face of distinct disapproval; but it is very difficult to do the work into which one puts his heart, and which is the expression of the finest elements in one, unless there is some warmth in the atmosphere, something which summons out of their hiding-places the most delicate and beautiful possibilities of one's nature. It is true a man like Dante can do a sublime piece of work with no other approval than his own conscience, with no other reward than his own consciousness of having done his work with a man's integrity and an artist's thoroughness; but men of Dante's temperament are few; and there are a great many other kinds of work, as important as that which Dante did, which could not possibly be done under such conditions.

It is the duty of every man, not only to do his work as thoroughly as possible, but to create the atmosphere in which other men and women can do their work thoroughly and well. It is the duty of every man, not only to unfold his own character freely and completely, but to create the atmosphere in which other people are able to develop their best qualities. There are hosts of men and women who depend absolutely on others for their finest growth, who have to be drawn out, whose sweetness and charm never find expression unless they are evoked by warm affection or by generous approval. The world is full of half-starved people whose emotions are denied their legitimate expression; who are hungry for an affection which they often have but the possession of which they do not realize because it never finds expression; who have latent possibilities of achievement of a very high order, but whose possibilities are undeveloped because nothing in the air about them summons them forth. Such people need a summer atmosphere, and they are often compelled to live in a winter chill. Many of those who diffuse the chill instead of the cheer are unconscious of the influence for repression which they put forth simply from lack of thought about the delicate adjustments of life. They have never studied themselves, or those about them; and so there are thousands of homes that are without cheer, not because they are without love, but because they are without the expression of love; and there are thousands of offices, workshops, and school-rooms that are without inspiration, not because they are lacking in earnestness or in integrity, but because the habit of recognition has never been formed, and there is none of that spiritual co-operation which not only gives but evokes the best.

There is in life no more pathetic feature than the hunger for a love which exists but never expresses itself, and therefore, so far as comfort, warmth, or inspiration is concerned, is as if it were not. There is a capital of affection and good intention in the world sufficient to warm the whole atmosphere, if it were used; but there are hundreds of capitalists of this kind who leave their means untouched, and who enrich neither themselves nor others because they do not know how to give currency to their wealth. Love is not to be hoarded, but to be spent. It is great in the exact measure in which it is given; it returns in the exact measure in which it is sent away; and society needs nothing to-day so much as the use of this unused capital. If men of integrity and good intentions in the world of business would manifest their real feeling towards their associates and their employees by constant recognition of work well done, by the words spoken almost at random which show that a piece of work is valued and that credit is rendered to the worker, a large percentage of the social unrest would disappear; for love is the only solvent of the social problems.

The picture printed as a portrait of Jonathan Edwards, in the article by Mrs. Kate M. Cone on "Jonathan Edwards" in the issue of The Outlook for October 3, is in point of fact the portrait of Jonathan Edwards the second, who was President of Union College. A correspondent writes us: "The career of Jonathan Edwards the second was singularly like that of his distinguished father. Both were tutors in the seminaries in which they were educated; were dismissed on account of their religious opinions; were settled again in retired situations; were elected to the presidentship of a college; and in a short time after they were inaugurated died, at nearly the same age."

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The Story of a Labor Agitator[1]

The Trials of a Labor Editor

By Joseph R. Buchanan

Histories of the Labor Movement have generally been controversial and impersonal. Mr. Buchanan, who was in the thick of this movement during the years in which the right of workmen to organize was unrecognized by the public, has written a volume of recollections which does not contain a single formal argument from beginning to end, but is a straightforward account of stirring personal experiences. The book will be published by the Outlook Company under the title "The Story of a Labor Agitator." The Outlook prints these chapters by Mr. Buchanan, not because the author presents therein an ideal for the organization and development of labor in this country, but because they form a deeply interesting and illuminating human document. From some of the methods and policies advocated by Mr. Buchanan The Outlook dissents, but it is very glad to give its readers the point of view of one of the influential leaders of the labor movement in this country.—THE EDITORS.

AFTER the St. Louis convention of the Knights of Labor I went back to my cases on the Denver "News" dissatisfied and uneasy. For two years I had been reading everything dealing with social conditions that I could get hold of. I had devoured the writings of the leading political economists and had formed opinions of a just and equitable social and industrial system. My theories of right would not harmonize with conditions as I knew them to exist. At Leadville I had witnessed the flash of lances, and at St. Louis I had seen what I believed to be a latent force in the workers which, if aroused and properly directed, would overthrow industrial wrong and elevate the toiler to a position commensurate with his services to society.

There was one assembly of the Knights of Labor in Denver. In November, 1882, another assembly was instituted. I was one of the charter members. John B. Lennon, subsequently prominent in the labor movement Nationally as Secretary of the Journeymen Tailors' Union and as Treasurer of the American Federation of Labor, was also a charter member of the new assembly. All of the members at the beginning of the assembly, and indeed for some months thereafter, were trades-unionists, and for that reason the name "Union" was given to the assembly; its number was 2,327. Two clergymen of National prominence, Gilbert De La Matyr, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and Myron W. Reed, Congregationalist, became members of Union Assembly during the second year of its existence.

The principles of the Knights of Labor and the opportunities presented by the organization for educational work in the field of labor reform were irresistibly attractive to progressive and liberal trades-unionists. The sentiment among unionists of that kind, of which the organization of Union Assembly was a manifestation, was widespread at that time, and union men were forming assemblies or joining those already organized in all parts of the country. The phenomenal growth of the Knights of Labor, which culminated in 1886, was in great measure due to the affiliation of trained, able, and active trades-unionists, which began in 1882.

As a famished plant drinks the dew after a heated day, so I, burning with the desire to do something for the working people, welcomed the principles of the Knights of Labor and the opportunity the organization presented. Its exhortation, "Agitate, Educate, Organize!" I adopted as my shibboleth, and I was foolish enough to think that I could blow a blast that would rouse the sleeping giant of labor. Others have made the same mistake.

Naturally, I sought the printing-press as a means of carrying my message to the oppressed of earth. In conjunction

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with S. H. Laverty, a fellow-compositor, I started "The Labor Enquirer," of Denver, the first number of which was issued December 16, 1882. With little other capital than our knowledge of newspaper work, Laverty and I embarked upon a sea in whose fathomless depths lie the battered hulks of unnumbered barks whose cargoes were unmarketable "human rights" and whose log-books were records of foul weather and short rations.

There were in "The Labor Enquirer" eight pages of five columns each. It was issued weekly. While the paper was pronounced in its advocacy of the principles of trades-unionism and of the Knights of Labor, it was conservative—at the start. The motto was—

"We will renew the times of truth and justice,
Condensing in a free, fair commonwealth—
Not rash equality, but equal rights."

It was soon evident that our news and correspondence didn't interest, nor did our editorials inspire, a very large proportion of the workingmen of the community. Subscriptions came in slowly. Expenses were light, Laverty and myself, with the help of an apprentice boy, doing all the mechanical work upon the paper excepting the presswork. Our savings were soon exhausted. Laverty, who was unmarried, reduced his living expenses to the lowest possible notch. During the last three weeks he was with me he lodged in the office, and ate most of his meals from the imposing-stone. There was a little fellow in my family now, and it was pretty hard picking for the three of us sometimes. Many times our rations would have been scantier had my partner accepted a fair share of what strayed into "The Enquirer's" till. He was a generous and self-sacrificing fellow—one of the kind of men that made the great labor movement that came in later years a possibility. He was brave, too, for it took courage to give up his interest in the paper, and to abandon the hopes that had soared so high. With the tenth issue of "The Enquirer" he surrendered his interest to me and retired, announcing that there wasn't enough in the paper for the support of two proprietors, and that he could better serve the cause by withdrawing than by remaining.

For four and a half years I published "The Denver Labor Enquirer," and during nearly all of that time I was in charge personally and edited the paper. I shall have occasion to refer frequently to the paper in relating the stirring events in the labor world in which I bore a part, but to me it seems fit that I should here tell those experiences which were mine simply through ownership of "The Enquirer." It was ups and downs during those four and a half years, with the down side of the score crowding the pages to the margins. Soon after Laverty left me, I was compelled to reduce the paper's size, which I did by just halving it. Then the time came when I wasn't able to pay the apprentice boy's wages, and he had to go. What a struggle it was to continue the poor little champion of the workers, which few of the workers themselves ever lifted a finger to assist! It is true "The Enquirer" wasn't a great paper; it was hardly as large as a patent medicine folder or a circus programme; but that was not my fault. The only limit to size and character I recognized was measured by the income. Although I labored from sixteen to twenty hours a day—Sundays included—I could set no more type than was required to fill the little paper and have time sufficient to attend to other matters which had claims upon me. If nature had varied her rule in my case and favored me with four instead of two hands, "The Enquirer" would have been a larger paper, because all I was and all I had went into it.

Yes, I was an enthusiast—fanatic, if you please.

And my wife? Ah, loyal soul; she battled and suffered with me. She never complained on her own account, even when we were reduced to one little room in the rear of the office, and to subsisting upon scant and uncertain fare. Sometimes she urged me to give up a fight which she saw would, sooner or later, undermine my health, but she never upbraided me because of my failure to provide a better living for my wife and child.

I remember one stormy night in De-

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cember, 1883. I had been at work since early morning, pegging away at the case. I was weary, oh, so weary, and I was hungry too; but the day after to-morrow was press-day, and there were several columns yet to set. The only light in the room where I worked was supplied by a pair of candles, set in tin holders fastened to the lower edge of the "cap" case. On the first of the month the gas company had removed my meter because two months' bills remained unpaid. Since then I had been working by candle-light at night. The insufficient light made my work harder, but I couldn't blame the candles for that, and probably gas companies know their business. The blame rested elsewhere. I never spoke of it and tried not to think of it. I was hanging to my hope by a very frail cord; the little blaze of one of those candles would have parted that cord in an instant, and so I kept them apart. It was near midnight when my wife entered the room.

"My dear, it is very late, and you must be almost worn out," she said. "Stop now and go to bed. You will kill yourself if you continue as you have been going on for the past three months. How I wish you could realize what has been clear to me for a long time! Those for whom you are battling care nothing for your sacrifices. They would allow you to starve at your post. Give it up, dear, give it up!"

"If we are going to talk, Lou, I must blow out the candles," I said. "I have only two besides these that are burning, and I need them for my work. It will take every cent of coin I have to buy the white paper and pay for the press-work on this issue."

"Well, come into the other room. We can open the stove door and get light enough for talking," she said.

We sat in our little parlor-bedroom-kitchen and in the faint glow of a dying fire talked for more than an hour. I returned no more to my cases that night, and ere I laid my head upon my pillow it had been decided that "The Labor Enquirer" would issue that week's number, and then quietly give up the ghost. Although the struggle which ended in that decision was comparatively short, it was fierce while it lasted, for it was myself battling with myself. My wife said little, and that little was a plea for my health, physical and mental. But I was thinking all the time about my wife and child, and how I had neglected them.

Though my decision to quit was reversed within twenty-four hours, I have always felt better because I decided on the side of my little family when the test was clearly before me.

About midway of the following morning there was a rap upon the door of our living-room. The caller was the wife of a superannuated compositor, who was then living upon a little farm a few miles out from Denver. The good woman (God love her, I believe she is an angel now—she belongs in that goodly company) handed my wife a covered basket, and, with a few words of comfort and cheer, took her departure. The basket contained a dressed duck, nine eggs, and about a half-peck of potatoes.

Charlie Semper and his wife were poor, very poor. They never built a library nor endowed a university; but they loved their fellow-creatures, and they believed "The Enquirer" was capable of doing some good for humanity, if its editor and his family could only be kept from starving. Whether or not they wasted their provisions it is not for me to say, but if the duck, the eggs, and the potatoes were donated to an unworthy object that morning, so were the other good things that came to the office once a week thereafter from that little farm until there was no longer necessity for such help.

At eleven o'clock that same night, as I was making up the forms so that they would be ready to send to the press-room early the following morning, the door opened and a man entered my workroom. Though visitors were not often seen in my establishment, this man's entrance did not surprise me. He was one of the faithful few, and I should have felt almost entirely deserted and poor indeed had he not called to see me at least once in every forty-eight hours. His name was Charles Machette. He was a clerk in a notion store, at the

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princely salary of nine dollars a week. He had seen better days, and I always felt a lump rise in my throat when he gave me of his scanty income to help the paper, which he had done on several occasions.

When I saw who my visitor was, I remembered my decision to shut down the paper, and the thought that it would be rather a hard task to tell him about it flashed across my mind. He walked directly up to the stone where I was engaged, and, without uttering a word, deposited a twenty-dollar gold-piece on the form in front of me. At first I thought it was a brass medal or an advertisement, but when I picked it up and turned it over I recognized an old familiar face. I had once (it seemed years ago) known the family of "yellow boys."

"Well, Charlie?" was all I could say.

"It's for you," he responded.

"Where did you get it?" I asked.

"Sold my old watch."

"I can't take it," and I tried to place the piece of money in his hand.

Shoving his hands into his pockets, he stepped away from me. "Yes, you can take it; and you've got to take it. I can't set type nor do any of the other work on the paper, and so I've got to help pay for the things you have to buy, including the presswork."

"But," I said, "you've done that so often before."

"Yes, and I'll do it again whenever it's necessary, if I have to take the shirt off my back. You needn't think you are going to monopolize the sacrificing business. You write and preach against monopolies; I am doing a little practicing along that line."

And I kept the money.

If any of the publishers of the great papers of to-day read this, they will smile at so much ado over so small a sum. They think nothing of giving as much, and more, for a short special. To me that twenty dollars meant white paper and presswork for two issues.

I hope the reader of this chapter of my life-story will read also the account given in another chapter of the part another watch played in an attempt to succor a dying labor paper, and then read again this simple little story of which Charlie Machette is the hero.

I had one friend during those dark days who, though he helped me with a cash donation occasionally, tried hard to persuade me to abandon the effort to establish a paper. He would come into the office every few weeks, and after giving me a lecture on the unworthiness and ingratitude of the workingman in general and the Denver workingman in particular, and after scolding me roundly, would always close each visit by taking five or ten dollars from his pocket and, laying it down in front of me, would say:

"Well, you're a fool; but fools have to eat just like other people."

If any of the "Old Guard" of Denver read the foregoing, they will have no difficulty in recognizing O. L. ("Yank") Smith in the gentleman just described.

My friend Smith tried to get me to go into politics; for, singular as it may seem, I was apparently very popular with the workingmen, who seemed willing to do almost anything for me but support the paper. They would pack a hall to hear me talk, but few of them were willing to spend a dollar and a half a year to read the lectures I was delivering through "The Enquirer" once a week.

The Republican county committee offered me a place on the legislative ticket for Arapahoe County, and the chairman of the committee personally urged me to accept the offer. Such a nomination at that time was equivalent to election, but I refused it, and my friend Smith dressed me down in good style when he heard of what I had done.

"What in Heaven's name do you want?" he asked. "You are always howling about the wrongs of the workingmen. Here is a chance for you to help make laws in their interest and you refuse it. What's the matter with you?"

I recognized the pertinency of the question and admitted his right to ask it, despite the severity of his manner. My answer was:

"About all I have left in this world is the love and confidence of some thousands of workingmen, and—"

"Yes, and you'll starve to death on a diet of love and confidence!"

"Never mind that, now. They believe

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in me, whatever they may do or not do. If I accepted that nomination, there are jealous and weak ones among them who would say I had played into the hands of the politicians by becoming a party to a sham recognition of labor; that I had sold myself for a seat in the Legislature. After my election, I would be on the defensive with my own people all the time, because, strive as I might, it would be impossible for one labor man to accomplish anything of consequence in the Legislature. At the end of my term I would have to choose between remaining in the political camp, with submission to the party machine, and a return to my work of agitation in the labor world, with diminished following and lessened influence. You know which I would choose. I am not willing to make a breach in the ranks for a little cheap glory and the salary of a legislator."

"I should call it good riddance to be freed from such friends as would desert you because you accepted an opportunity to agitate their cause in the Legislature, though nothing practical came of it at once," said Smith.

Smith's argument looks stronger than mine, I know, and yet I refused to reconsider my decision. I leave the reader to decide whether I was short-sighted, selfish, egotistical, or cowardly. I had stated the truth to my friend: I was afraid to take the chance, just then, of weakening my influence with the workingmen, who were beginning to organize and to think as they had never organized and thought before.

My displeased friend had occasion at a later period to recall one of the reasons I had advanced to him for refusing the nomination for a political office, and I will digress sufficiently to tell the story: He was nominated as a member of the city council, indorsed by the labor party, and elected. The night of election day was the regular meeting-time of Union Assembly, of which Smith was a member. Just before the close of the assembly that night, about ten o'clock, one of the brothers who had gone out to get the election results returned with the information that our brother Smith was elected. I was on the floor at the time, making a general talk, but especially urging the members to stand together in all things which concerned the interests of labor. I didn't have to swing very far out of the line of my discourse, when the victory of Smith was announced, to say:

"Now, here is one of our brothers who has just been elected to an honorable position. We all love and respect him. As he passes out across yon threshold to-night he will carry our esteem and good wishes—but it will be for the last time. Before our next meeting, two weeks hence, there will be Knights who, because Brother Smith will not be guided by them in the discharge of his public duties, and because he will not be able to secure appointments for those who ask him for positions, will charge him with betrayal, disloyalty, treachery, dishonesty, and everything else that is bad, short of murder."

My prediction was fulfilled to the letter. Bad feeling was engendered between some of the members of the assembly, and the trouble spread to other labor organizations in the city. Smith quickly dropped out of the labor movement. Before the next election day came around labor as an organized factor in politics was again at the ebb tide. And yet there are many intelligent friends of the workingman who are unable to understand why labor is not more of an organized political power in the land.

To return to "The Enquirer." There were others besides those I have mentioned who made sacrifices from their meager means to keep the paper going; there was a little band of them who, with no deserters and rarely a recruit, always rallied when the situation was most discouraging. That little band of fanatics held the paper back many times when it was hanging over the black chasm of failure. It is not necessary that I should tell of all these critical periods; they would appear very much alike to the reader, though to me each was a distinct and separate tragedy. And yet there was one more experience in that line that I think I should relate.

One evening, while I was at work, the door of my office opened and ten of my friends filed into the room. Their formal proceedings and serious aspect fright-

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ened me at first, but I soon learned that their mission was one of friendship. Quietly they formed a circle around me, and John Lennon stepped up to my side and placed in my hands a package containing a suit of clothes, made in his own shop, accompanying the gift with a few words of kindness and encouragement. I had use for that suit; labor editors in those days usually had room in their closets for things of that kind.

I had another partner in the paper for a while, not a printer, as my first one had been. Stephen Vinot, a man of considerable property—too much, for he was "land poor"—sympathized with the efforts of the workingmen to improve their condition. He was a Frenchman, and was full of the spirit of '93. How he sometimes made the little office shake with the thrilling strains of the Marseillaise hymn, which he rendered in French with a heavy baritone voice! Vinot's hobby was the Chinese question. He believed that if the Chinese were allowed unrestricted entrance to this country they would in time dominate the white people in every walk of life, and that American workingmen would be degraded to a coolie level. That was the prevailing belief in the West in those days—and it has never changed—but all were not so outspoken and radical as Stephen Vinot. I won his friendship by printing his anti-Chinese writings in "The Enquirer." He soon learned of the struggle I was engaged in to keep the paper alive, and to help me out he took a half-interest in the paper, putting $200 in the cash-box. He advanced other sums at various times, but in about five months he had had enough of labor journalism. When he learned that he couldn't induce me to shut down the paper, he drew out, and once more I was the sole owner of "The Enquirer's" plant, subscription list, and good will. There wasn't a great quantity of either of these, nor of all together, but I became round-shouldered from carrying the load.

It will not surprise the thoughtful reader, especially if he be a student of human nature, to be told that disappointment and discouragement reduced me at times to a very pessimistic frame of mind. More than once I lost hope that the wrongs of labor would ever be righted by peaceable means. The workingmen could not be made to appreciate the power the ballot gave them; they were, it seemed to me, slow to take advantage of the opportunities opened to them by the labor organizations, and I sometimes thought the majority of them were not only too stupid to raise themselves, but too weak to stand if raised by others. I became so discouraged over the failures of the peace measures of the trades-unions that, while I never ceased to do all in my power to strengthen those organizations, because they furnished the most available rallying-ground. I came very close to the line that divided reform from revolution. The apathy of the workingmen made me sick at heart, the indifference of the middle class discouraged me, and the cruel selfishness of the rich angered me. The grievances of the workingmen received scant courtesy and no support from the influential press. The daily papers were interested, as most of them have always been, in the affairs of the rich; business, and not humanity, concerned them. Vexed at the course of the big papers, I did one thing that my most charitable critics were kind enough to call a piece of foolishness. The Denver dailies each carried a line at the top of the first editorial column quoting the current price of silver bullion. My readers were not, I thought, interested in the bullion market, and so I gave the post of honor on my editorial page to dynamite, changing the price each week. For instance, this would be the line:

"Dynamite is strong to-day at 47c."

Indiscreet? Well, probably it was; but it was more foolish than dangerous. If harm was done by the dynamite quotation, I was the greatest sufferer, and as that bit of deviltry was the only fun I indulged in during eighteen months of sacrifice, hardship, and hunger, it isn't likely I will have to answer for it on the other side.

In after years my revolutionary views gave place to a belief in the doctrine of social evolution through the practical channel of opportunism. But I have never relinquished the theory of socialism, nor the hope of its complete adop-

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tion by mankind ultimately, which grew into and became a part of me during the thoughtful days of "The Labor Enquirer's" struggle for existence.

Why didn't the labor people support the paper? I know the reader is asking. There is but one answer to that question: They didn't think it was of any benefit to them. And now, here's something peculiar: During the first eighteen months of "The Enquirer's" existence there was comparative peace between labor and its employers in and around Denver. Not that labor was satisfied with its condition, but the dissatisfaction hadn't manifested itself in an open protest; there hadn't been a strike. While the men were at work and drawing their pay regularly, they were not disposed to spend a dollar and a half a year for a subscription to the paper. When a strike came, and wages stopped, there were busy times for the subscription agents. "A friend in need is a friend indeed," and there's the whole story. A temptation to the editor to "foment discontent!" as the enemies of the labor agitators express it. I can honestly answer, "Not guilty." The discontent, in armor arrayed, came to my lonely little den and dragged me forth.

At ten o'clock on the morning of Thursday, May 4, 1884, I stood at the case setting the week's editorials, which, to save time, I had learned to put into type without writing. The door opened and five men entered. Four of them were unknown to me; the fifth, Mr. George Stuart, was an acquaintance, but I met him rarely. Stuart presented the gentlemen who were with him and then said:

"The Union Pacific Railway shopmen have gone on strike, and, as they haven't any organization, we have come to see if you can't help them a little."

"Are all of you Union Pacific men?" I asked.

"We are, and we represent five departments," was Stuart's reply.

"When did you strike?"

"About two hours ago."

"Why did you strike?" was my next question.

"When we went to work this morning we found notices stuck up all over the shops and yards, announcing that wages would be reduced in accordance with a scale printed with the notice. The reduction hits every employee excepting the engineers and firemen, and the cut ranges from ten to twenty-five per cent., according to the wages received. In the shops which we represent, the reduction is ten and fifteen per cent."

"How came you to strike without organization?" I asked.

"Well, after working a few minutes, one of the machinists put down his tools and said he would throw up his job before he would stand such a cut on such short notice. Some of the others gathered about him and said they wouldn't stand it either. Word passed through the other departments that the machinists were going to protest against the order, and, to make a long story short, in half an hour every man and boy had quit the shops, about five hundred in all."

"And now you want me to advise you?" I asked.

"I read your paper sometimes, and it occurred to me that you might be able and willing to tell us how to proceed," answered Stuart.

"Can you secure a convenient hall that will hold all of your men?" I asked.

"We have one now, and most of the men are up there."

"Where is it?"

"Washington Hall, on Larimer Street, near Twentieth."

"I know the place. I'll be there in half an hour. Meet me at the door, Mr. Stuart, please."

And I picked up my stick and rule, read over a few lines, rounded out my sentence, and in ten minutes was in a horse-car *en route* to assume for the first time leadership in a labor strike. When I reached the hall, Stuart informed me that every one of the strikers was there, and I wasn't inclined to question his statement when I got inside and saw the crowd.

I have been in many meetings of strikers since that day, but they have been of organized workingmen. I have seen union men in meetings of strikers laboring under a sense of injustice prac-

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ticed by employers, and have heard some pretty strong speeches; but no gathering of union men can compete with a crowd of unorganized strikers when it comes to radicalism, denunciation of employers, threats, and incendiarism. Organization results in training, discipline, knowledge, and conservatism.

I listened to the spokesmen and newly fledged leaders of the various departments represented in the strike until I had satisfied myself as to the temper of the meeting; then I had my say. As a result of the discussion, the following resolution, preceded by an appropriate preamble, was adopted, and every man present was required to sign it:

"Resolved, That we, employees of said Union Pacific Railroad Company, in mass-meeting assembled, do obligate ourselves, individually and collectively, to refuse to do any work under the jurisdiction or upon the premises of said Union Pacific Company until such time as the notice of a reduction in wages is withdrawn by the proper officials, and the old scale is reinstated."

Considerable time was required to secure the signatures of all those present; and while this was being done, some necessary committees and twenty-five pickets were selected. About the middle of the afternoon two hundred men from the shops of the South Park Division filed into the room. They had not received notice of the reduction until 1 P.M. They were also unorganized, but they had walked out in a body, and, learning of the meeting that was being held by the men of the main shop, had marched three miles through the principal streets of the city, for the purpose of joining in any protest that was to be made. They were soon informed as to what we had done and were given an opportunity to vote upon the resolution. They voted solidly for the resolution, and two hundred more names were ready for the document.

We were in almost constant session all that day and half of the night. The next day we met in the City Hall and there organized the "Union Pacific Employees' Protective Association." Thursday night and Friday telegrams were received announcing that the shopmen over the entire Union Pacific system had struck against the reduction.

There is no record of another such strike in the whole history of the labor movement in this country. Not a shop on the system was organized when the notice of reduction was posted, and yet, inside of thirty-six hours, every shop from Omaha to Ogden and upon all the branch lines was on strike. The peculiarity of this strike is further emphasized by the knowledge that before the cut the Union Pacific was paying higher wages to its shopmen than was paid by any other railroad west of the Missouri River. The company counted upon this latter fact to help make the reduction successful, evidently not realizing that by paying the best wages it had secured the best mechanics, and, as a consequence, the most independent men in the trades concerned.

There was another illustration of spontaneous unanimity in that strike. On Friday telegrams came from the officials of the temporary organizations of the men at all points on the system requesting the committee appointed at our Denver meeting to act for the whole system in dealing with the company. Ellis, Kansas, started that movement; and the others followed in quick order. The Denver committee accepted the responsibility, and at once notified the general manager of the road, at Omaha, to that effect, at the same time wiring him a copy of the resolution adopted at Denver, the substance of which was approved by the men at all other points.

Saturday afternoon the company recalled the order reducing wages, and announced that on Monday work would be resumed at the old scale of prices—a complete victory for the men in four days.

As soon as the order was recalled, some of the men were for abandoning further steps in the line of organization. They said they had gotten along all right without organization before the cut, and had shown that it was a simple matter to secure united action when necessary. They were told by myself and others that they were sadly mistaken if they believed that the company had abandoned its purpose of reducing

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wages; that it would try again when the outlook was favorable, and that never again would a wholesale cut be undertaken; one experience of that character would be sufficient. We predicted that in future the company would select one department or one shop at a time, and would give no intimation that the intention was eventually to reduce all. Therefore the men should perfect their organizations and form a federation that would put them in a position to act all together at the first sign of danger, no matter which branch was threatened or attacked. We urged upon them the adoption of the motto of the Knights of Labor, "An injury to one is the concern of all."

When the situation was fully explained, the advice given by the union men who were taking an active interest in the matter was acted upon, and several organizers were put upon the road within a week from the close of the strike. The Knights of Labor was the organization chosen, and within thirty days we had a healthy assembly at each important point on the system. I organized assemblies in all the shop towns on the line from Omaha to Cheyenne, inclusive.

The wisdom of the course taken will be apparent to every reader who knows the subsequent history of this strike.

In support of an assertion heretofore made, I must call your attention to the fact that "The Enquirer" received several hundred new subscriptions, cash in advance, during the three days of the strike and the week immediately following, and that over two hundred of them came from employees of the Union Pacific in Denver.

A New England Town Meeting of To-Day

By Alexander J. Barron

"IN a town meeting," said Emerson to his friends in Concord in 1835, "the great secret of political society was uncovered, and the problem solved how to give every individual his fair weight in the government without disorder from numbers. In a town meeting the roots of society were reached."

Perhaps we have found better ways of reaching the roots; perhaps we have adopted political machinery that does not or cannot dig so deep. The town meeting, as a matter of fact, has never been widely resorted to by the American people for this useful purpose. Always known as an institution peculiar to New England, we place it to-day among the other curiosities of the Pilgrims, and consider it as having as much practical bearing upon our needs as the ducking-stool, pillory, and whipping-post.

And yet it is because the words of Emerson are the statement of a political truth demonstrated in history, and spoken as the result of his own personal observation and research, that it is worth while stopping to think of them. It is because the town meeting, where it is retained in the smaller towns and villages of Massachusetts, has come down to us with little, if any, change since that early gathering in Dorchester in 1633, probably the first held by the fathers, that it is of interest to notice how it is conducted in this generation. In the same address we read that "wrath and love came up to town meeting in company;" that, "if good counsel prevailed, the sneaking did not fail to be suggested, and virtue and freedom, if they triumphed, triumphed in a fair field." And these words, to the mind of the writer, had an oddly familiar sound after watching the course of just such a meeting lately held not many miles from the spot where Emerson's address was delivered.

To the reader, forewarned is forearmed. If to the town meeting walk wrath and love, arm in arm, no matter where we live or what primary or ward meeting we attend, the town meeting is marked as its kin. We cannot hope for perfection in a pure democracy. Nor, if, when we speak of concerted action, we mean a "machine" or a strong-willed leader, a "boss," are these features altogether lacking. We do not seek the millennium. But it is a fact that an

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unscrupulous boss seems to have a harder time and a machine run from sinister motives to grow less bold in this atmosphere than elsewhere; for free speech and independence mark these assemblies.

Once a year, from the time when the early settlers came inland from around Plymouth Rock, the citizens of X., now numbering six thousand, have held their town meeting. In the forenoon of the day upon which the meeting is held the selectmen, members of the school committee, and other town officers are elected, and the question of license or no-license is decided. In the afternoon the meeting is held in the hall that serves for opera-house and church fair alike. On the floor are the voters, in the gallery the women, for town meeting means a general holiday. The time has arrived when everything from providing for a night watch to raising a sum for next Memorial Day is to be carefully considered.

Two weeks beforehand reports of the work of the year, including expenses for roads, schools, the tax rate, etc., have been distributed to the taxpayers. It is the business of every man to examine the copy he has received, and, as the events of the meeting prove, little escapes the eyes of these particular citizens. A school teacher sends in a bill of $30 for making out certain statistics. At the meeting, when the bill is read, two former teachers are on their feet to state that the same thing had cost them when in office $12 and $15 respectively. The chief of the fire department wants $2,500 this year for his expenses. He receives a dash of cold water in the remark of one gentleman, who says he has taken the trouble to look into the management of the fire department of another town of the same population, and asks specific reasons why there should be a greater outlay here than there. Another neighbor says, "There's no use denying it, none of us cares whether we're burnt out or not; ain't we all insured?" The chief sat down. He had no argument to overcome that of the insurance company.

The first business of the meeting is the election of the Moderator and the Clerk. This is easily disposed of. Two citizens have a recognized right to these chairs by virtue of long and faithful service. The Moderator is a business man well versed in parliamentary procedure, courteous, and with an excellent memory for names. The Clerk is the town librarian. The various reports are next read, and then begins the discussion of the articles in the warrant, a copy of which has been handed to each man at the door. The articles for the most part are motions for appropriations—the objects of great interest, as has been intimated. It is here that a machine can do a little business if it works unobtrusively, and it looks as if this is exactly what is happening when the road commissioner is so often seen upon his feet, with his men gathered together near him. They cannot afford to miss this chance of helping him put through a job that will mean a few dollars more to them next winter when work is slack. The checks which can be applied to a machine are also seen in the curt remarks which some of the commissioner's plans produce from his hard-headed fellow-townsmen.

At this particular meeting there were, in addition to the appropriations and minor questions of civic improvement, two important matters to be considered. The town had become one of the centers of Socialism in the State. The principles of brotherhood and of combination had been so thoroughly inculcated into many of the laboring men by this time that, "at the request of the seven hundred voters of the shoemakers' union," an article appeared in the warrant providing that all the town printing should bear the label of the allied printing trades. For a number of years the town printing had been done by a little woman who refused to join the union. The Socialist element decided that either she should become one of their party, in name at least, or the printing should go to two union printers just come to town. The other proposition was to consider an offer of a $12,000 library from a well-known millionaire. If the motion carried, a long-felt need would be supplied. But the good citizens were fearful of the outcome. It was rumored that the socialistically inclined smelt blood-money in the offer. No

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wonder, then, that the evening meeting, for which discussion on these two questions had been reserved, was awaited with suspense. And here mark the change from the days of our ancestors. Though the principle of the meeting has remained the same, and the same human virtues and frailties are apparent, notice how different is the way in which they are manifested. Imagine the men who fought in '76, and who had come home from war, laid aside their muskets, and changed the buff and blue for farmers' breeches, listening to an impassioned address on Socialism. Conceive, if you can, a labor agitator telling the good citizens of the town that he was there to show them the way in which independence should be doled out. A hard thing to do, is it not? As incredible as Addicks holding the State of the Rodneys, Claytons, and Bayards in his change pocket! Such phenomena furnish food for reflection—to bear fruit later in action.

That evening, when the Moderator read the article "To see if the Town will have all its printing done by the allied Trades-Unions," for a few minutes there was quiet. The hall was packed; the Socialists were in a body in the back of the room; their leaders well forward, but they were reserving their fire; they needed to be warmed to the occasion. They did not have long to wait. Down the middle aisle was seated the little printer—the only woman on the floor. Behind her an old man was getting on his feet. He was a Civil War veteran, his trade, like theirs, shoemaking—like the woman, he had refused from principle to join a union.

"Mr. Moderator," he said, giving the warrant careful scrutiny, "who is responsible for this?" The Moderator had to ask for information. A large man, with great impressiveness, rose and said, "It comes at the request of the Shoemakers' Union." Seven hundred to one, and of his own trade! It looked as if the old soldier had taken too much on his shoulders. "Are they an incorporated body?" He had them there. They were not. Then he faced them. "Mr. Moderator," he said, "we people of this country are guaranteed certain inalienable rights. We enjoy blessings such as no other people ever had it in their power to obtain—Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness, and they were bought and paid for by the blood of our fathers. Thirty-odd years ago we granted these inalienable rights to another race. Abraham Lincoln emancipated the negroes, and our own blood was spilt for them. To-day in this town those rights are attacked, and you threaten a woman. You scorn her rights! You make her suffer, and you force her into worse than slavery! And I, for one, would willingly take the gun I laid down after the Rebellion, and tell you, if you dare, you touch her over my dead body."

A silence followed deeper than that which preceded. Those words showed a determination and an intensity which could not but impress the most ignorant or thoughtless or stubborn of his opponents. To others they sent the thrill that comes only when men see chivalry, daring, and a passion for liberty speaking, regardless of the cost, rather than brook injustice.

Following the shoemaker, the little woman rose. She made no defense, she did not stop to attack. It is true her wit was the cause of laughter at the Socialist leader's expense, when she remarked that she had worked more in a day than he had in his lifetime. She was not quite five feet in height, while he weighed at least two hundred. She showed that the passage of the motion was illegal, and meant the usurpation of the government of the town by the union. "If there are nine hundred and ninety-nine men in this town who wish to do one thing and I another, so long as I am acting within my rights, they cannot disturb me nor take them from me. I ask only to be allowed the privilege of pursuing my own work as I choose, under the law. My printers may join you if they wish. I have never denied them that right and I never will, but, for myself, I refuse to be stamped with a union label, and there you have it!"

By this time the supporters of the measure had received their inspiration. Whether we believe in Socialism or not, one could not help feeling that it was a

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pity for that cause that it was represented by such advocates as the two who addressed the meeting. Platitudes twisted to order and invectives came thick and fast. Capital was assailed, competition was declared to be a myth of by-gone days, and combination the chief end and aim of existence. If the individual was to be considered, it must be through combination; if the individual opposed the combination, he must fall. "And," said the spokesman, with a wave of his hand toward the woman, "we are sorry for you, but we have a principle at stake;" and he added, significantly, "we *hope* to see you with us fighting for it."

In the same strain the library proposition was scored. The donor's life was held up as an object of hatred and contempt, for no other reason, according to these gentlemen, than because he had made money and was enjoying it. Little would be gained in attempting to follow their speeches. The spirit shown by the Socialist leaders was not only a determination not to receive any benefits from capital themselves, but to prevent those who were not in sympathy with them from receiving it. The strongest argument was that by their refusal of the library a personal slight would be inflicted upon the donor which would deeply wound him. In striking contrast was the appeal of the old gentleman who had labored for twenty-five years to keep the town library alive, and who had first raised money to start the fund. He was seconded by another old citizen who declared vigorously: "If we believe some of these preachers here, and the man is to be made unhappy on earth, in God's name let us take this money and keep him from going to hell when he leaves it. If you want to be just, there is your only alternative!"

Discussion grew so heated over this measure that the meeting was adjourned until a later day, at which time I saw from the newspapers that, fortunately, good sense had triumphed and the library was accepted. The little printer also won her point, although a substitute motion was passed making it "the sense of the meeting that the town should have union printing," even if it won't—which merely signified that the Socialists were in the majority and were afraid to disobey orders.

From the foregoing we can see that "wrath and love" still come up to town meeting in company. The mirror is still as clear in reproducing the deeds and motives of men, whether they are lofty or low, dictated by sound judgment or prejudice. I will not discuss the ignorance and folly displayed at this meeting. The man who plays upon the passions of other men and takes advantage of their lack of opportunity to wield them into a power which disregards fair play, and which, in destroying the liberty of others, strikes at its own freedom, can only be condemned. However much we attribute to provocation or enthusiasm, there is little to be said in his defense. But it is because this folly, if we may call it such, was displayed in the open, that it deserves the attention of those interested in government, and especially in municipal problems. If there was falsehood poured into the ears of men, there was also reason. If there was a new theory of government propounded, there was also the voice of the patriot. Keep an evil in the open where the good can do battle, and the battle is half won. The very presence of honesty and sane judgment is likely to cause the discomfiture of greed.

The town meeting has come to be looked upon as a relic of the past, which, if used at all to-day, is plainly out of date. It is inconsistent with our modern ideas of self-government. Our civilization is such that, although the people are sovereign and their servants should be responsible to them direct, this accountability must be exacted through other channels than by means of any such assembly of citizens. The success of the town meeting lay in the fact that the power of the people was evident, and the people's servants were on that account more sensitive to their will. To-day we can accomplish the same results by other means—one and by no means the least of these being the referendum. There, too, the voice of the people is heard direct, sometimes with startling effect, as was the case in Chicago in 1901, when three questions were

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presented for popular vote. The returns showed an overwhelming majority in favor not only of direct nomination, but also of the municipal ownership of lighting plants and street railways. It demonstrated the strength of the referendum as a political weapon, "both in the profound impression created upon the community, and especially on the political leaders." But if folly and bad counsel form a factor in the town meeting, are they not equally to be feared in the use of the referendum, where they are not displayed in the open nor so often seen side by side? The hope and success of town meeting, of referendum, of every form our self-government takes, then, depends, first of all, not upon making the public servants sensitive to the public will—it depends upon the people themselves.

The Training of Negroes for Social Power

By W. E. B. Du Bois

Professor of Economics and History in Atlanta University.

THE responsibility for their own social regeneration ought to be placed largely upon the shoulders of the negro people. But such responsibility must carry with it a grant of power; responsibility without power is a mockery and a farce. If, therefore, the American people are sincerely anxious that the negro shall put forth his best efforts to help himself, they must see to it that he is not deprived of the freedom and power to strive. The responsibility for dispelling their own ignorance implies that the power to overcome ignorance is to be placed in black men's hands; the lessening of poverty calls for the power of effective work; and the responsibility for lessening crime calls for control over social forces which produce crime.

Such social power means, assuredly, the growth of initiative among negroes, the spread of independent thought, the expanding consciousness of manhood; and these things to-day are looked upon by many with apprehension and distrust, and there is systematic and determined effort to avoid this inevitable corollary of the fixing of social responsibility. Men openly declare their design to train these millions as a subject caste, as men to be thought for, but not to think; to be led, but not to lead themselves.

Those who advocate these things forget that such a solution flings them squarely on the other horn of the dilemma: such a subject child-race could never be held accountable for its own misdeeds and shortcomings; its ignorance would be part of the Nation's design, its poverty would arise partly from the direct oppression of the strong and partly from thriftlessness which such oppression breeds; and, above all, its crime would be the legitimate child of that lack of self-respect which caste systems engender. Such a solution of the negro problem is not one which the saner sense of the Nation for a moment contemplates; it is utterly foreign to American institutions, and is unthinkable as a future for any self-respecting race of men. The sound afterthought of the American people must come to realize that the responsibility for dispelling ignorance and poverty and uprooting crime among negroes cannot be put upon their own shoulders unless they are given such independent leadership in intelligence, skill, and morality as will inevitably lead to an independent manhood which cannot and will not rest in bonds.

Let me illustrate my meaning particularly in the matter of educating negro youth.

The negro problem, it has often been said, is largely a problem of ignorance—not simply of illiteracy, but a deeper ignorance of the world and its ways, of the thought and experience of men; an ignorance of self and the possibilities of human souls. This can be gotten rid of only by training; and primarily such training must take the form of that sort of social leadership which we call education. To apply such leadership to themselves, and to profit by it, means

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that negroes would have among themselves men of careful training and broad culture, as teachers and teachers of teachers. There are always periods of educational evolution when it is deemed quite proper for pupils in the fourth reader to teach those in the third. But such a method, wasteful and ineffective at all times, is peculiarly dangerous when ignorance is widespread and when there are few homes and public institutions to supplement the work of the school. It is, therefore, of crying necessity among negroes that the heads of their educational system—the teachers in the normal schools, the heads of high schools, the principals of public systems, should be unusually well trained men; men trained not simply in common-school branches, not simply in the technique of school management and normal methods, but trained beyond this, broadly and carefully, into the meaning of the age whose civilization it is their peculiar duty to interpret to the youth of a new race, to the minds of untrained people. Such educational leaders should be prepared by long and rigorous courses of study similar to those which the world over have been designed to strengthen the intellectual powers, fortify character, and facilitate the transmission from age to age of the stores of the world's knowledge.

Not all men—indeed, not the majority of men, only the exceptional few among American negroes or among any other people—are adapted to this higher training, as, indeed, only the exceptional few are adapted to higher training in any line; but the significance of such men is not to be measured by their numbers, but rather by the numbers of their pupils and followers who are destined to see the world through their eyes, hear it through their trained ears, and speak to it through the music of their words.

Such men, teachers of teachers and leaders of the untaught, Atlanta University and similar colleges seek to train. We seek to do our work thoroughly and carefully. We have no predilections or prejudices as to particular studies or methods, but we do cling to those time-honored sorts of discipline which the experience of the world has long since proven to be of especial value. We sift as carefully as possible the student material which offers itself, and we try by every conscientious method to give to students who have character and ability such years of discipline as shall make them stronger, keener, and better for their peculiar mission. The history of civilization seems to prove that no group or nation which seeks advancement and true development can despise or neglect the power of well-trained minds; and this power of intellectual leadership must be given to the talented tenth among American negroes before this race can seriously be asked to assume the responsibility of dispelling its own ignorance. Upon the foundation-stone of a few well equipped negro colleges of high and honest standards can be built a proper system of free common schools in the South for the masses of the negro people; any attempt to found a system of public schools on anything less than this—on narrow ideals, limited or merely technical training—is to call blind leaders for the blind.

The very first step toward the settlement of the negro problem is the spread of intelligence. The first step toward wider intelligence is a free public-school system; and the first and most important step toward a public-school system is the equipment and adequate support of a sufficient number of negro colleges. These are first steps, and they involve great movements: first, the best of the existent colleges must not be abandoned to slow atrophy and death, as the tendency is to-day; secondly, systematic attempt must be made to organize secondary education. Below the colleges and connected with them must come the normal and high schools, judiciously distributed and carefully manned. In no essential particular should this system of common and secondary schools differ from educational systems the world over. Their chief function is the quickening and training of human intelligence; they can do much in the teaching of morals and manners incidentally, but they cannot and ought not to replace the home as the chief moral teacher; they can teach valuable lessons as to the meaning of

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work in the world, but they cannot replace technical schools and apprenticeship in actual life, which are the real schools of work. Manual training can and ought to be used in these schools, but as a means and not as an end—to quicken intelligence and self-knowledge and not to teach carpentry; just as arithmetic is used to train minds and not skilled accountants.

Whence, now, is the money coming for this educational system? For the common schools the support should come from local communities, the State governments, and the United States Government; for secondary education, support should come from local and State governments and private philanthropy; for the colleges, from private philanthropy and the United States Government. I make no apology for bringing the United States Government in thus conspicuously. The General Government must give aid to Southern education if illiteracy and ignorance are to cease threatening the very foundations of civilization within any reasonable time. Aid to common-school education could be appropriated to the different States on the basis of illiteracy. The fund could be administered by State officials, and the results and needs reported upon by United States educational inspectors under the Bureau of Education. The States could easily distribute the funds so as to encourage local taxation and enterprise and not result in pauperizing the communities. As to higher training, it must be remembered that the cost of a single battle-ship like the Massachusetts would endow all the distinctively college work necessary for negroes during the next half-century; and it is without doubt true that the unpaid balance from bounties withheld from negroes in the Civil War would, with interest, easily supply this sum.

But spread of intelligence alone will not solve the negro problem. If this problem is largely a question of ignorance, it is also scarcely less a problem of poverty. If negroes are to assume the responsibility of raising the standards of living among themselves, the power of intelligent work and leadership toward proper industrial ideals must be placed in their hands. Economic efficiency depends on intelligence, skill, and thrift. The public-school system is designed to furnish the necessary intelligence for the ordinary worker, the secondary school for the more gifted workers, and the college for the exceptional few. Technical knowledge and manual dexterity in learning branches of the world's work are taught by industrial and trade schools, and such schools are of prime importance in the training of colored children. Trade-teaching cannot be effectively combined with the work of the common schools because the primary curriculum is already too crowded, and thorough common-school training should precede trade-teaching. It is, however, quite possible to combine some of the work of the secondary schools with purely technical training, the necessary limitations being matters of time and cost: the question whether the boy can afford to stay in school long enough to add parts of a high-school course to the trade course, and particularly the question whether the school can afford or ought to afford to give trade-training to high-school students who do not intend to become artisans. A system of trade-schools, therefore, supported by State and private aid, should be added to the secondary school system.

An industrial school, however, does not merely teach technique. It is also a school—a center of moral influence and of mental discipline. As such it has peculiar problems in securing the proper teaching force. It demands broadly trained men: the teacher of carpentry must be more than a carpenter, and the teacher of the domestic arts more than a cook; for such teachers must instruct, not simply in manual dexterity, but in mental quickness and moral habits. In other words, they must be teachers as well as artisans. It thus happens that college-bred men and men from other higher schools have always been in demand in technical schools, and it has been the high privilege of Atlanta University to furnish during the thirty-six years of its existence a part of the teaching force of nearly every negro industrial school in the United States, and to-day our grad-

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uates are teaching in more than twenty such institutions. The same might be said of Fisk University and other higher schools. If the college graduates were to-day withdrawn from the teaching force of the chief negro industrial schools, nearly every one of them would have to close its doors. These facts are forgotten by such advocates of industrial training as oppose the higher schools. Strong as the argument for industrial schools is—and its strength is undeniable—its cogency simply increases the urgency of the plea for higher training-schools and colleges to furnish broadly educated teachers.

But intelligence and skill alone will not solve the Southern problem of poverty. With these must go that combination of homely habits and virtues which we may loosely call thrift. Something of thrift may be taught in school, more must be taught at home; but both these agencies are helpless when organized economic society denies to workers the just rewards of thrift and efficiency. And this has been true of black laborers in the South from the time of slavery down through the scandal of the Freedmen's Bank to the peonage and crop-lien system of to-day. If the Southern negro is shiftless, it is primarily because over large areas a shiftless negro can get on in the world about as well as an industrious black man. This is not universally true in the South, but it is true to so large an extent as to discourage striving in precisely that class of negroes who most need encouragement. What is the remedy? Intelligence—not simply the ability to read and write or to sew—but the intelligence of a society permeated by that larger vision of life and broader tolerance which are fostered by the college and university. Not that all men must be college-bred, but that some men, black and white, must be, to leaven the ideals of the lump. Can any serious student of the economic South doubt that this to-day is her crying need?

Ignorance and poverty are the vastest of the negro problems. But to these later years have added a third—the problem of negro crime. That a great problem of social morality must have become eventually the central problem of emancipation is as clear as day to any student of history. In its grosser form as a problem of serious crime it is already upon us. Of course it is false and silly to represent that white women in the South are in daily danger of black assaulters. On the contrary, white womanhood in the South is absolutely safe in the hands of ninety-five per cent. of the black men—ten times safer than black womanhood is in the hands of white men. Nevertheless, there is a large and dangerous class of negro criminals, paupers, and outcasts. The existence and growth of such a class, far from causing surprise, should be recognized as the natural result of that social disease called the negro problem; nearly every untoward circumstance known to human experience has united to increase negro crime: the slavery of the past, the sudden emancipation, the narrowing of economic opportunity, the lawless environment of wide regions, the stifling of natural ambition, the curtailment of political privilege, the disregard of the sanctity of black men's homes, and, above all, a system of treatment for criminals calculated to breed crime far faster than all other available agencies could repress it. Such a combination of circumstances is as sure to increase the numbers of the vicious and outcast as the rain is to wet the earth. The phenomenon calls for no delicately drawn theories of race differences; it is a plain case of cause and effect.

But, plain as the causes may be, the results are just as deplorable, and repeatedly to-day the criticism is made that negroes do not recognize sufficiently their responsibility in this matter. Such critics forget how little power to-day negroes have over their own lower classes. Before the black murderer who strikes his victim to-day, the average black man stands far more helpless than the average white, and, too, suffers ten times more from the effects of the deed. The white man has political power, accumulated wealth, and knowledge of social forces; the black man is practically disfranchised, poor, and unable to discriminate between the criminal and the martyr. The negro needs the

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defense of the ballot, the conserving power of property, and, above all, the ability to cope intelligently with such vast questions of social regeneration and moral reform as confront him. If social reform among negroes be without organization or trained leadership from within, if the administration of law is always for the avenging of the white victim and seldom for the reformation of the black criminal, if ignorant black men misunderstand the functions of government because they have had no decent instruction, and intelligent black men are denied a voice in government because they are black—under such circumstances to hold negroes responsible for the suppression of crime among themselves is the cruelest of mockeries.

On the other hand, a sincere desire among the American people to help the negroes undertake their own social regeneration means, first, that the negro be given the ballot on the same terms as other men, to protect him against injustice and to safeguard his interests in the administration of law; secondly, that through education and social organization he be trained to work, and save, and earn a decent living. But these are not all: wealth is not the only thing worth accumulating; experience and knowledge can be accumulated and handed down, and no people can be truly rich without them. Can the negro do without these? Can this training in work and thrift be truly effective without the guidance of trained intelligence and deep knowledge—without that same efficiency which has enabled modern peoples to grapple so successfully with the problems of the Submerged Tenth? There must surely be among negro leaders the philanthropic impulse, the uprightness of character and strength of purpose, but there must be more than these; philanthropy and purpose among blacks as well as among whites must be guided and curbed by knowledge and mental discipline—knowledge of the forces of civilization that make for survival, ability to organize and guide those forces, and realization of the true meaning of those broader ideals of human betterment which may in time bring heaven and earth a little nearer. This is social power—it is gotten in many ways by experience, by social contact, by what we loosely call the chances of life. But the systematic method of acquiring and imparting it is by the training of youth to thought, power, and knowledge in the school and college. And that group of people whose mental grasp is by heredity weakest, and whose knowledge of the past is for historic reasons most imperfect, that group is the very one which needs above all, for the talented of its youth, this severe and careful course of training; especially if they are expected to take immediate part in modern competitive life, if they are to hasten the slower courses of human development, and if the responsibility for this is to be in their own hands.

Three things American slavery gave the negro—the habit of work, the English language, and the Christian religion; but one priceless thing it debauched, destroyed, and took from him, and that was the organized home. For the sake of intelligence and thrift, for the sake of work and morality, this home-life must be restored and regenerated with newer ideals. How? The normal method would be by actual contact with a higher home-life among his neighbors, but this method the social separation of white and black precludes. A proposed method is by schools of domestic arts, but, valuable as these are, they are but subsidiary aids to the establishment of homes; for real homes are primarily centers of ideals and teaching and only incidentally centers of cooking. The restoration and raising of home ideals must, then, come from social life among negroes themselves; and does that social life need no leadership? It needs the best possible leadership of pure hearts and trained heads, the highest leadership of carefully trained men.

Such are the arguments for the negro college, and such is the work that Atlanta University and a few similar institutions seek to do. We believe that a rationally arranged college course of study for men and women able to pursue it is the best and only method of putting into the world negroes with ability to use the social forces of their race so as to stamp

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out crime, strengthen the home, eliminate degenerates, and inspire and encourage the higher tendencies of the race not only in thought and aspiration but in every-day toil. And we believe this, not simply because we have argued that such training ought to have these effects, or merely because we hope for such results in some dim future, but because already for years we have seen in the work of our graduates precisely such results as I have mentioned: successful teachers of teachers, intelligent and upright ministers, skilled physicians, principals of industrial schools, business men, and, above all, makers of model homes and leaders of social groups, out from which radiate subtle but tangible forces of uplift and inspiration. The proof of this lies scattered in every State of the South, and, above all, in the half-unwilling testimony of men disposed to decry our work.

Between the negro college and industrial school there are the strongest grounds for co-operation and unity. It is not a matter of mere emphasis, for we would be glad to see ten industrial schools to every college. It is not a fact that there are to-day too few negro colleges, but rather that there are too many institutions attempting to do college work. But the danger lies in the fact that the best of the negro colleges are poorly equipped and are to-day losing support and countenance, and that, unless the Nation awakens to its duty, ten years will see the annihilation of higher negro training in the South. We need a few strong, well-equipped negro colleges, and we need them now, not to-morrow; unless we can have them and have them decently supported, negro education in the South, both common-school and industrial, is doomed to failure, and the forces of social regeneration will be fatally weakened, for the college to-day among negroes is, just as truly as it was yesterday among whites, the beginning and not the end of human training, the foundation and not the capstone of popular education.

Strange, is it not, my brothers, how often in America those great watchwords of human energy—"Be strong!" "Know thyself!" "Hitch your wagon to a star!"—how often these die away into dim whispers when we face these seething millions of black men? And yet do they not belong to them? Are they not their heritage as well as yours? Can they bear burdens without strength, know without learning, and aspire without ideals? Are you afraid to let them try? Fear rather, in this our common fatherland, lest we live to lose those great watchwords of Liberty and Opportunity which yonder in the eternal hills their fathers fought with your fathers to preserve.

Fresh Air Neighbors

By Helen Lockwood Coffin

MIKE MALONEY was the only boy in the party that Abraham Godolski really cared anything about. The other two dozen or so were from Abraham's own neighborhood, and he knew them well, while Mike was an undiscovered country; the others had never been in a Fresh Air Camp before, and they were foolishly enthusiastic over the grass and the cows and the new freedom, while Abraham and Mike, although this was their first taste of the country too, knew enough of the world to pretend that they always spent their summers in this manner. In the last analysis, that was Abraham's chief reason for liking Mike—because he knew how to pretend things.

So the first morning after they struck the camp the two boys gravitated toward each other.

"You come along with me," suggested Mike. "All this here's too slow trottin' fer us—we're outer our class."

"It's fierce how slow it is," agreed Abraham, and so the two went out the gates of the farm and started down the road on a tour of investigation. It was a wide country road, with banks of sweet clover along the sides, and tall

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trees arching overhead, and birds calling back and forth to each other with musical chirp and chatter. But neither of the boys scented the clover, or saw the trees, or heard the birds; they weighed them all in the only measures they knew, and found them wanting.

"It's fierce there's no pavin'," complained Abraham, as his bare toes sank into the dust of the road.

"Ner yet sprinklin'," agreed Mike. "There's no way a kid can cool off on this here avenue."

"There comes to be a park," cried Abraham, pointing his finger at a fenced inclosure not far before them on the road.

"Sure!" said Mike, hastening his steps, and reaching the park gates before Abraham had fairly spoken his last word. To the surprise of the boys, the gates were invitingly open and nobody was on guard; and within the park were crowds of men walking about or standing in groups. The crowds of men settled it. "Come on in," said Mike. "There's sure somethin' doin'."

So they passed through the gates very cautiously, and keenly alert to the possibilities of "cops" and other restrictions; but nobody paid the slightest attention to them. In fact, there was something uncanny about the way in which they were ignored by the groups of men. After viewing them for some time from the outskirts, as it were, Mike was thoroughly perplexed as to what kind of a gathering he had intruded upon—or, indeed, whether he was an intrusion. "Here I was thinkin' I had poked me head inter a convention," he explained to Abraham, "but that was a wrong scent. 'Tain't no union squabble nayther—too quiet like fer that."

"It might to be a church," volunteered Abraham, anxious to be in on the suppositions.

"A church!" exclaimed Mike. "D'ye git onto the curves that bloke over there is makin'? He's no prast!"

The "bloke" in question was waving his hands back and forth before him like a—like a—what was it like? Abraham suddenly remembered. "He could to be a switchman the yards in!" he cried, excitedly.

"A switchman!" sneered Mike. "Where's his trains at, you ninny? And look! There's another over there diggin'—I s'pose he's a miner, ain't he?"

Abraham was not utterly extinguished yet. "It might to be gold the ground under," he acquiesced. "I had once a uncle and he was by a gold mind and—"

"Well, maybe that there's yer uncle," scoffed Mike; "I'm not sayin'. But I ain't goin' to be in on no more guesses—I'm goin' over an' ask him what he is."

Abraham strolled over after Mike, and they both came to a stop beside the man who was digging feverishly in the gravel of the walk. He paid no attention to them—did not even look at them. "Well, ole feller," said Mike, finally, "ain't yer got no time fer manners?"

"Sh!" cautioned the man, raising his head and glaring at the boys. "I must get it out before anybody comes."

"You see!" cried Abraham, triumphantly. "It is to be gold, like I said!"

The man shook his head. "Not gold," he said, softly; "it's hair, you know—her hair."

"Hair!" cried the two boys together.

"Sh!" cautioned the man again, looking around anxiously. "Yes, hair—for a mattress, you know."

"What yer givin' us?" demanded Mike. "We're no—"

"I'm not giving you anything—you mistake!" cried the man, excitedly. "I'm not giving it to anybody—that's the trouble. I want it myself, and so everybody is trying to get it away from me. But sh! Here comes a man! Don't tell—pretend you don't know!"

Abraham followed the finger of the mattress-hunter and gave an exclamation of surprise. "Why, it's the to be switchman!" he cried.

"Off the track! Off the track!" cried the man to them in the voice of authority, and the boys took to their heels. When they had left the man a safe distance in the rear, Mike said, "Wouldn't that kill yer? Callin' that gravel walk a track!"

"He might to be a racer," suggested Abraham. "They go all whiles by tracks that come by gravel. I had once a cousin who went the races by, and he—"

Just here a tall man with a pompous

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air stopped the boys with a question: "Young men, are you saved from sin?"

"There!" said Abraham, under his breath, "it is to be a church, like I said."

"More like a Salvation Narmy," said Mike. "Let's skip."

Before the boys was a gate, and they made for it as fast as their nimble feet could carry them. But before they reached the goal a man sprang up in front of them and made a barrier with his arms.

"I'm Saint Peter!" he cried. "You can't get by unless I say so!"

"Moly Hoses!" cried Mike, growing pale under his freckles. "Where's this place at, anyhow?"

Abraham was for parleying with Saint Peter. "We're the Fresh Air from," he began, in a wheedling voice, but Saint Peter only waved his arms the harder; then Abraham lost his temper. "It's fierce you won't let us by!" he declared, hotly, and at that the saint began to shout for help at the top of his voice. Soon a man in a blue uniform and brass buttons came running up and coaxed Saint Peter away with him; and another man in uniform and buttons asked the boys gruffly what they were doing, anyway.

"That there's what we want to know ourselves," said Mike. "What d'ye call this here outfit?"

"This," said the man in uniform, "is the State Insane Asylum."

"Gee whiz!" exclaimed Mike, softly, pulling Abraham out of the gate with scant ceremony. "No wonder things was queer. All them folks is loony, Abe!"

"Think shame to bring me here!" rebuked Abraham. "I had once a auntie and she was by being loony, and she—"

But Mike was already far ahead of him on the road to the camp, and Abraham had to save his breath to catch up with him. Of course they told Mother Martha when they got to the camp of all the terrors of their experiences, and Mother Martha told the authorities, and that is why, when the Fresh Air boys are in camp now, their neighbor's gates are guarded.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

Admiral Porter. By James Russell Soley. (The Great Commanders Series.) Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 499 pages. $1.50, net. (Postage additional.)

When Admiral Porter died in 1891, the office of Admiral died with him, to be revived eight years later by Commodore, now Admiral, Dewey. No man of his times seemed to unite those qualities which go to make a great naval commander more remarkably than did Porter. These were most patently shown, it seems to us—and we judge also to Mr. Soley—in the splendid work of preserving the communications on the Mississippi and its tributaries during the Civil War, keeping those rivers as secure highways through the enemy's country. Still, as Mr. Soley admits, Porter never attained his true place in popular esteem until after the fall of Fort Fisher. Then he was justly acclaimed as a great leader—even so careful a judge as was General Grant thought him on a par with Lord Nelson. It seems strange, therefore, that up to the present Admiral Porter's life has not been written. Few men have stood in greater need than he of adequate treatment in a popular book. That need is now supplied by Mr. Soley's biography, to which he brings much special knowledge acquired while he was Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

Aids to the Study of Dante. By Charles A. Dinsmore. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5½×8 in. 426 pages. $1.50, net,

Readers of The Outlook will recall Mr. Dinsmore's admirable interpretation of the great poet, issued last year under the title "The Teachings of Dante," on which The Outlook commented at some length, expressing its judgment that no better book of its kind had appeared; none more sympathetic, intelligent, or judicious. Mr. Dinsmore has now laid readers of Dante under further obligation by collecting the best things that have been written about him, together with other important material, for the purpose of putting behind Dante the background of his age and enveloping his work in the atmosphere of his time. Accordingly, this volume, "Aids to the Study of Dante," includes the poet's famous letter to Can Grande; Boccaccio's well-known narrative of Dante's life; the best comments on Dante, including those

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of Lowell, Gaspary, and Dean Church, and full information in regard to the life of Dante presented in the form of articles by Scartazzini, Comparetti, and Professor Charles Eliot Norton. The illustrations include not only portraits, but also tables and diagrams which will be of value both to the special student and to the reader of Dante. The titles of the chapters, "The Times of Dante," "Sources of Our Knowledge of Dante," "Dante's Personal Appearance," "The Vita Nuova," "The Divina Commedia," and "Interpretations," suggest the scope of this admirable book, which represents the consensus of knowledge and insight touching one of the greatest poets in the literature of the world.

Along Four-Footed Trails. By Ruth A. Cook. Illustrated. James Pott & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 265 pages. $1.25, net.

Prettily told true stories of animal life. A coyote, prairie-dogs, gophers, and field-mice were among the author's pets, and she has also interesting incidents to relate about buffaloes, wild ponies, and jack-rabbits. Miss Cook has been a teacher of nature work in public schools, and writes with care as well as with picturesqueness.

American Tariff Controversies in the Nineteenth Century. By Edward Stanwood, Litt.D. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5½×8½ in. In 2 vols. $5, net. (Postage extra.)

A detached history of the American tariff debate from the time when American manufactures were restricted by the hostile legislation of the English Parliament to the passage of the Dingley Act of 1897, giving these manufacturers the protection of a fifty per cent. duty, on the average, against competing goods from abroad. From beginning to end the author is stoutly on the side of the protectionists, and he seems to feel no embarrassment because of the conflicting grounds upon which the protection of special interests has been advocated. His history is not critical, and does not attempt to controvert the fundamental maxims of free trade—such as the enrichment of both parties from foreign exchanges, and the essential injustice of taxing different industries unequally. It endeavors rather to show that periods of protection have been attended by greater commercial prosperity than periods of freer trade. To impartial students these broad generalizations are not very convincing, particularly as the first period of extraordinary business prosperity—that in the fifties—was a period of "free trade," while the last one—which we are still enjoying—has been under a high protective tariff, and during both epochs the extraordinary business expansion has been an international phenomenon. To Mr. Stanwood's credit, he does not attribute the recent flood of prosperity that has swept over the whole world solely or even chiefly to the Dingley tariff. His is, however, a partisan protectionist history, and its chief value consists in its presenting clearly the protectionist side of the great controversy. It has an additional value in that it covers a longer period than Professor Taussig's well-known critical review of our tariff history from the free-trade standpoint.

At Aunt Anna's. By Marion Ames Taggart. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 271 pages. $1, net. (Postage additional.)

A well-made book with a bright, pretty cover. All children like to dress up and play being "grown up;" and the account here of the four little girls who did this, and the boy Ted, who, perched on the top of the gate-post, lorded it over them as their "chair man," will interest without exciting them.

Being with the Upturned Face (The). By Clarence Lathbury. The Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 197 pages. $1, net.

This being is Man. He changes, but his change is upward. The human race is a race of "savages in training for angels." Passions are not to be eliminated, but to be bitted and bridled. "Every road leads to God," but character is purified only in the flame of suffering. Mr. Lathbury is an optimist; he looks straight at the sun, and it fills him with light; he is aware of shadows, but they are behind him. His thought is characteristically Emersonian, and the form of it corresponds. He is a literary artist, and his book is a jubilant rejoinder to the doubt whether life is worth living; though it may seem unconscious of the baffling conflict with demons at the foot of the mount on whose top he stands.

Brother Jonathan. By Hezekiah Butterworth. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 246 pages. $1.25, net. (Postage extra.)

This tale of the stirring days of the Revolution centers around Lebanon, the home of Governor Trumbull, the only Colonial Governor who espoused the people's cause, who with his Council of Safety was one of Washington's main pillars of support. "Let us hear what Brother Jonathan says," was a frequent expression of Washington's in times of perplexity. The story pictures the country life of the period, the strife of tory and whig, and the nobility of the Connecticut Governor, "the first of patriots."

Byron's Shorter Poems. Selected and Edited by Ralph Hartt Bowles, A.M. (Macmillan's Pocket American and English Classics.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 4×5¾ in. 229 pages. 25c.

Cadet's Handbook: A Manual for Military Students at Colleges and Academies. By Captain John A. Lockwood, U. S. Army. Illustrated. Hudson-Kimberly Publishing Co., Kansas City, Mo. 5×7½ in. 286 pages.

Caleb, the Degenerate: A Play in Four Acts. By Joseph S. Cotter. The Bradley & Gilbert Co., Louisville, Ky. 6×9 in. 57 pages.

City of Sweet Content (The). By Annie L. Fisher. Published by the Author, Cambridge, Mass. 4½×7 in. 7 pages. 25c.

Concerning the Forefathers. By Charlotte Reeve Conover. Illustrated. National Cash Register Co., Dayton, Ohio. 7×11 in. 432 pages.

This large and sumptuous volume presents many interesting facts concerning our forefathers in general and the Johnston and Patterson families in particular. The double

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family line is described with a wealth of pertinent detail. It will doubtless induce reading not only from the descendants of Colonel Robert Patterson and Colonel John Johnston, but also from many other readers who wish to obtain a more intimate knowledge of early America than is to be had from the general histories.

Correspondence of William I. and Bismarck. Translated by J. A. Ford. With Portrait and Facsimile Letters. In 2 vols. Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 6×8¾ in. $4, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Direct and Fundamental Proofs of the Christian Religion (The). By George William Knox. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 196 pages. $1.20, net.

Dr. Knox frankly accepts the modern view of the world; he recognizes no exemption from scientific law. He sharply distinguishes religion from theology, the theory of religion, and the religion of Christ from the forms and organizations which but partially manifest it. Indeed, he regards it as the highest claim of this religion that it antagonizes much of modern civilization. Its proof is given in the activities which bring one into contact with reality as distinct from dreams and hopes, and so constitute the decisive test of fruitful knowledge, making for human uplift and progress. In these activities Christianity appears in a two-fold aspect, both as ethics and as religion, ethics being the manifestation of the religion, and religion being the principle of the ethics. Its argument is not from nature up to nature's God, but from man to his God. Compared with other religions, its direct and fundamental proofs are in its satisfaction of human needs and its impulse to the noblest activities. Thus we find that Christianity meets the test which the modern view of the world imposes—viz., that it must conform to the established order of facts. Its proof consists in the exhibition of its real value to the world and the individual, as a fact which each can demonstrate for himself by simply the "will to do." This thoroughly Kantian argument of the *Werthurtheil*, or worth-estimate, is put with clearness and vigor, with a careful ruling out of irrelevant or misleading considerations and an avoidance of theology that commend it to perplexed or prejudiced thinkers.

Dooryard Stories. By Clara Dillingham Pierson. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 233 pages. $1.20, net.

This collection comprises a score or so of animal stories, which are told with a whimsical humor and charm that make the book equally a treat for "grown-up" or child.

Elements of Physiology for Schools (The). By Walter Moore Coleman, A.B. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×8 in. 364 pages. 90c.

Essays of Douglas Jerrold (The). Edited by his Grandson, Walter Jerrold. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 4½×7½ in. 263 pages.

This very attractive volume, with red covers, buff back stamped with gilt, handsome title-page, and clear printing, with illustrations and head and tail pieces, is edited by Jerrold's grandson and illustrated by Mr. Brock. It includes the five short pieces which Jerrold himself classified as essays, with many others, from his collected works as well as from periodicals, which have been brought together since his death.

Every Creature. By M. T. Lamb. American Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia. 5½×8 in. 94 pages.

Fairies' Circus (The). By Neville Cain. R. H. Russell, New York. Illustrated. 9×12 in. $1.25.

When fairies take to "doing stunts," something unusual may be looked for, and Mr. Cain's charming juvenile in no wise disappoints this expectation. The feat performed by each fairy is recorded in a little rhyme, with head and tail piece cleverly carrying out the fanciful conceit which the illustration on the opposite page very happily completes.

Famous Assassinations of History: From Philip of Macedon, 336 B.C., to Alexander of Servia, A.D. 1903. By Francis Johnson. (With Portraits.) A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 5½×8 in. 434 pages. $1.50.

This book is appropriately bound in black. It narrates thirty-one assassinations famous in history. The author tells us that he has included only those assassinations which had an important and political bearing on the world, or on the nation immediately affected, or which left a profound impression on the imagination of contemporaries and posterity. We do not understand his reasons, therefore, for excluding an account of the assassinations of Henry III., Henry of Guise, and Coligny, simply because these grew out of religious hatred in France, and of President Garfield, because this grew out of the morbid aberration of one diseased mind rather than out of the general spirit of the age. However, the thirty-one accounts included are interestingly and of course graphically told. They embrace a period of nearly twenty-five centuries, or from Philip of Macedon, 336 B.C., to Alexander and Draga of Servia in the present year.

Famous Hymns and Their Authors. By Francis Arthur Jones. With Portraits and Facsimiles. (Second Edition.) Edwin S. Gorham, New York. 5¼×8 in. 337 pages. $1.50.

Nearly two hundred and fifty hymns, classified according to the occasions for which they are severally adapted, are included in this collection. One is surprised to discover that so many are famous. Both original and translated, they are mostly by British authors. The compiler seems to know little of the American writers who have done the most for hymnody during the past thirty years. Within this limitation he has made an interesting and useful book.

Geography of Commerce (The). By Spencer Trotter, M.D. Illustrated. (Macmillan's Commercial Series.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×7½ in. 410 pages. $1.10, net.

This admirable text-book is well adapted for schools of commerce. Professor Trotter

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has known with what proportion to present to the student's mind the commercial life as dependent upon physical surroundings, and to unite in that mind two phases of thought, one dealing with physical science, the other with economic affairs. After several chapters of introduction, dealing with climate, forest, and other elements in commerce, the author proceeds to consider the trade of various countries—first of all, of course, that of the United States; our regional geography; our resources, vegetable, animal, and mineral; our internal commerce; our world trade; our outlying possessions. Finally, we have a review of the world's commerce—perhaps the most valuable part of a continually valuable and clearly told text, to which additional clarity is conveyed by some excellent maps, plates, and diagrams.

Giant of the Three Wars (The). By James Barnes. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 241 pages. $1. (Postage additional.)

A good book for boys, big and little, and also for girls, who are ever prone to hero-worship. This narrative of an American soldier with fifty years of actual service to his credit cannot fail to interest and stimulate; for, as the author says in his introduction, General Winfield Scott had the qualities that make men great—"a sense of duty, a love of country, a brave heart, an indomitable will, and a gentle and loving sympathy for the suffering or the unfortunate." The print is good and there are four illustrations.

Godfrey Marten, Schoolboy. By Charles Turley. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×8 in. 338 pages. $1.75, net.

A stirring chronicle of English school life, which, without a trace of cant or pedantry, teaches more than one valuable lesson.

History of the German Struggle for Liberty. By Poultney Bigelow. Illustrated. In 3 vols. Vol. III., 1815-1848. Illustrated. Harper & Bros., New York. 5½×8½ in. 343 pages. $2.25, net.

Reserved for later notice.

History of the Greenbacks, with Special Reference to the Economical Consequences of their Issue, 1862-65 (A). By Wesley Clair Mitchell. (The Decennial Publications of the University of Chicago, Second Series, Vol. IX.) The University of Chicago Press, Chicago. 6×9 in. 577 pages. $4, net. (Postage, 25c.)

A critical narrative quite out of the ordinary run of economic monographs. The author has not confined himself to the study of easily accessible debates in Congress and reports from Secretaries of the Treasury. He has endeavored to make a thorough investigation of the effect of the greenbacks on prices, wages, etc., and has been forced to conclusions radically at variance with those reached by more superficial historians, but more nearly in agreement with the consensus of opinion during the war as to the economic effects of currency inflation. During the first three years of the war, according to the authoritative but hitherto practically unused statistics of Joseph D. Weeks, the price of the things most essential to the wage-earners—rent and board—hardly rose more than they have risen during the past few years of currency expansion, and the wages of labor are conclusively shown to have risen much more than our National labor statisticians have been accustomed to assume. The monograph is deserving of the careful attention of economists.

History of the Mississippi Valley (A): From Its Discovery to the End of Foreign Domination. By John R. Spears, in Collaboration with A. H. Clark. Illustrated. A. S. Clark, New York. 6×9½ in. 416 pages. $5, net.

A spirited narrative by authors who tell of war with the passion of jingoes and of conciliation with the passion of Quakers. The account of the conversion of Indians by Moravian missionaries, and the foul murder of the non-resistant converts at Gnadenhütten, forms a chapter in religious history deserving of National attention. The authors are throughout warm defenders of the Indians, whose advancement in civilization, he claims, was retarded by the European invasion, the wars and the intemperance promoted by the invaders, and the degrading influence of the reservation system so long sustained by our National Government. The authors frankly admit the Indian vices, but strongly protest against any attitude of race scorn on our part. An illustration of their point of view may be found in the following paragraphs:

> A Kansas real estate dealer was once good enough to go with the writer of this chapter into the Quapaw reservation. There, as it happened, we met Quapaw Charlie, the Indian chief. And as the real estate dealer and the Indian looked at each other, a feeling of contempt, deep and unrestrained, appeared in the face of the white man, and found expression in his words. That Indian had a thousand acres of the fattest land of America. If he would but cultivate it, he might sell the produce for $5,000 a year, clear profit, and rapidly accumulate those evidences of wealth for which the white race strives. But there he lived in a little log hut with its acre or two of corn and vegetables. He killed rabbits, quails, and prairie chickens, now and then, and he often fished in the near-by stream; but his food was coarse and his clothing worse. The Kansas man did not believe God meant that such beings should cumber the earth.
>
> But while the Kansas man talked, the Indian gazed back at him with a feeling of contempt equally deep and hearty. The Kansas man had been "booming" a town-site. He had been working day and night. His eyes were red from lack of sleep. His hands trembled from nervous exhaustion. The "boom" had "gone broke." Rest and peace were words but dimly understood by this feverishly energetic man of business. Could he have come into the possession of Charlie Quapaw's acres, he would have obtained less comfort from them than the Indian did, for he would have surveyed a town-site immediately and started another "boom," with all its deadly nervous exhaustion.

The greater part of the volume, however, does not deal with the Indians, but with the exploits of the French explorers and early settlers in the Mississippi Valley, and of the American frontiersmen who finally took possession of it. The volume is not a critical history, but an exceptionally interesting narrative.

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In Old Alabama. By Anne Hobson. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 237 pages. $1.50.

With her budget of stories and unfailing good humor the old negro woman, "Miss Mouse," is a distinct creation. The book includes an interesting collection of plantation songs.

In the War with Mexico. By Cyrus Townsend Brady. Illustrated. (Boys of the Service Series.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×8 in. 313 pages. $1.20, net.

Those boys who like to "Hurrah for the United States!" (and if there are any who do not, they should be made to like it) will follow with interest this account of a young midshipman's adventures through the Mexican campaign. General Scott, Robert E. Lee, then a captain, and Ulysses S. Grant, then a lieutenant, figure characteristically though slightly in the narrative.

Introduction of Comedy into the City Dionysia (The). By Edward Capps. (The Decennial Publications of the University of Chicago.) The University of Chicago Press, Chicago. 8½×11 in. 32 pages. 50c.

Lesley Chilton. By Eliza Orne White. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 356 pages. $1.50.

A quiet, refined story, which moves rather too slowly to stir the emotions. It deals largely with phases of the education of women and with the development of girl character.

Life and Letters of Horace Bushnell. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. New Edition. 6×9 in. 601 pages. $3.

This is a new edition of an old work, printed, we judge, from the old plates, but with some fresh illustrations and an addition of a Bushnell genealogy. Dr. Bushnell was one of the leaders in the transition of thought of the last century from the old Puritan theology to the new. Because he was himself in the transition he was a leader of it, and this fact gives to his life and letters a peculiar interest. We rank the volume as among the best of religious biographies, worthy to take a place by the side of the biography of Canon Kingsley by his wife, and the Life and Letters of Frederick W. Robertson.

Life, Treason, and Death of James Blount of Breckenhow (The). Compiled from the Rowlestone Papers and Edited by Beulah Marie Dix. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×8 in. 345 pages. $1.50.

The plan of this book rather overshoots its mark. So much pains is taken to give vraisemblance to the machinery of old family letters discovered, edited, and printed, and the family relationships are so elaborately set forth, even with genealogical tables, that there is danger that the reader may be quite or almost deceived, and stop reading. If he perseveres, however, he will find a tale of the English Civil War of tragic intensity, a story that both excites the imagination and moves the sympathy. The latter half of the romance, for such it really is, is dramatic and pitiful in a high degree, and the character of the ill-fated James Blount stands out as that of a man of nobility of soul and steadfast honor.

Little Pilgrimages among the Men who Have Written Famous Books. (Second Series.) By E. F. Harkins. Illustrated. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 4½×7¼ in. 358 pages. $1.20, net.

Macaulay's Essays on Addison and Johnson. Edited by George B. Aiton, M.A. (Twentieth Century Text-Books.) D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 172 pages. 30c., net.

Macaulay's Life of Samuel Johnson. Edited by William Schuyler, A.M. (Macmillan's Pocket American and English Classics.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 4×5¾ in. 197 pages. 25c.

Manual of the Reformed Church in America. By Edward T. Corwin, D.D. Reformed Church Board of Publication, New York. Fourth Edition, Revised and Enlarged. 6½×9 in. 1,082 pages. $3.

Memoirs of a Child. By Annie S. Winston. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 169 pages. $1.

Mental Arithmetic. By J. W. Hopkins and P. H. Underwood. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7 in. 195 pages. 25c.

Mr. Chupes and Miss Jenny. By Effie Bignell. Illustrated. The Baker & Taylor Co., New York. 4½×7½ in. 238 pages.

So sympathetically does Mrs. Bignell relate the history of her two pet robins that we feel something of her gentle regret when we leave her sorrowing at the grave of her "never-to-be-forgotten little friends," Mr. Chupes and Miss Jenny.

Negro Problem (The). A Series of Articles by Representative American Negroes of To-Day. Contributions by Booker T. Washington, W. E. Burghardt Du Bois, Paul Laurence Dunbar, Charles W. Chesnutt, and Others. James Pott & Co., New York. Illustrated. 5×7½ in. 234 pages. $1.25, net.

A merely casual reading of this book makes it clear that there is almost as much difference of sentiment, if not of opinion, respecting the Race Problem among the better and more intelligent American negroes as among the better and more intelligent white men. Probably if the qualifications were omitted and the opinions of ignorant and vicious negroes and the opinions of ignorant and vicious white men were added, the variety would still appear to be equally great. The men who have contributed to this volume are all of the character which justifies us in attributing to them the word "leaders;" but they lead in quite different directions. Dr. Washington holds that industrial independence must precede and lay the foundation for political independence; that for years to come the emphasis in education must be brought to bear upon the every-day, practical things of life; and that the effect of the recent revision of Southern constitutions has been to put a premium upon intelligence, ownership of property, thrift, and character. Mr. T. Thomas Fortune, in a similar spirit, is disposed to believe that "the negro's civil and political rights are more firmly fixed in law and public opinion than was true at the close of the Reconstruction period," and that the negro must make his place in the Nation for himself. These gentlemen are not oblivious to the wrongs under which

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their race is still suffering, but they believe that, despite eddies and back currents, the character and the condition of the negro are both steadily though very slowly improving. The same spirit of hopeful self-reliance is to be found in the essay by Paul Laurence Dunbar on "Representative American Negroes," and the remarkably fair-minded and judicial essay on "The Characteristics of the Negro People" by H. T. Kealing. Dr. Du Bois, on the other hand, opens his essay on "The Talented Tenth" by asserting that "the problem of education among negroes must first of all deal with the "Talented Tenth," because "the negro race, like all races, is going to be saved by its exceptional men," and his whole essay is devoted to the elaboration of this idea, with a personal criticism at the close on Dr. Washington's positions on education. Mr. Chesnutt treats the amendments to Southern constitutions as a wholesale disfranchisement of the negroes, and as fatal to their advancement in any and every respect, and the Supreme Court of the United States in its recent decisions as blinded by prejudice; and he sees only three possible remedies for present ills—an appeal "to the United States Courts, Congress, and public opinion." Appeal to the negro to win respect from his white fellow-citizens, and an appeal to those citizens to do justice through the equal enforcement of the laws by the State courts, do not come within his categories of possible remedies. Mr. Wilford H. Smith gives illustrations of injustice under which the negro suffers in Southern States, treats the decision of the United States Supreme Court in the Civil Rights cases as "prompted by race prejudice," and suggests no definite remedies for the injustice which he describes other than a vague hope that somehow public opinion can be so awakened as to secure for the negro, in the course of time, a fair and impartial trial in the courts, protection in his life, liberty, and property, and eventually a voice in the making and administration of the laws. He is the only one of the pessimists who recognizes that the State courts can be and sometimes are successfully appealed to for justice. On the whole, this book does not throw much light on the Race Problem; but it is interesting and somewhat valuable because it gives a fair reflection of different sentiments in those who for one reason or another may be regarded as race leaders.

Old Testament History. By Henry P. Smith, D.D. (International Theological Library.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5½×8½ in. 512 pages. $2.50, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Oliver Goldsmith: A Biography. By Washington Irving. Edited by Gilbert Sykes Blakely, A.M. (Pocket American and English Classics.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 4×5¾ in. 303 pages. 25c.

Parliamentary Pathfinder (The). By William H. Bartlett. (Handy Information Series.) Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 4×6 in. 156 pages. 45c., net. (Postage 5c.)

Past, Present, and Future. By Martin R. Smith. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 119 pages. $1.

Physiology for Beginners. By Walter Moore Coleman, A.B. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×8 in. 180 pages. 90c.

Pioneers of Religious Liberty in America: Being the Great and Thursday Lectures Delivered in Boston in Nineteen Hundred and Three. The American Unitarian Association Boston. 5½×8 in. 396 pages. $1.50, net.

A unique religious institution in our country is the Thursday lecture, established in Boston the year after its settlement, and continuing to the present—"the Great and Thursday Lecture," as it was anciently called. The present volume contains the lectures of 1903, given by eminent men of various religious denominations. Eleven of the pioneers, from William Brewster, of the Mayflower, to Phillips Brooks, are worthily commemorated. The tribute to Bishop Brooks by Dr. Eliot, President of the American Unitarian Association, is an admirable specimen of the series. Brooks was the pioneer in the modern period of the universal spirit of Christianity, including and transcending all sectarian divisions.

Pleasure-Book of Grindelwald (A). By Daniel P. Rhodes. The Macmillan Co., New York. Illustrated. 5½×8 in. 234 pages. $1.50.

The lover of Switzerland—and what traveler is not?—welcomes such works as this, full of information and atmosphere which one cannot find in the guide-books, and indeed ought not to expect to find there. The illustrations in this volume are excellent and genuinely illustrate the always excellent text.

Poetry of Thomas Moore. Selected and Arranged by C. Litton Falkiner. The Macmillan Co., New York. 4¼×6½ in. 253 pages. $1.

A selection made and arranged by C. Litton Falkiner from the text of the collected edition of Moore's works published in 1841, and presenting about all of Moore's work that is worthy of permanent preservation. It would be a piece of good fortune for the great majority of poets if intelligent editors could make such selections as this and that which Matthew Arnold made of Wordsworth for the Golden Treasury Series.

Present Problems of New Testament Study (The). By William Bancroft Hill. Edwin S. Gorham, New York. 5×7½ in. 68 pages. 50c., net.

This outline is for such as need to have the case clearly stated, and to be assured that nothing revolutionary is in the air.

Primary Arithmetic. By William J. Milne, Ph.D., LL.D. American Book Company, New York. 5×7 in. 160 pages.

Primary Public School Arithmetic (The). By J. A. McLellan, A.M., LL.D., and A. F. Ames, A.B. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7 in. 265 pages. 30c.

Quatrains of Abu'l-Ala: A Rediscovered Forerunner of Omar Khayyám. Selected and Translated by Ameen F. Rihani. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 144 pages. $1.25.

The Persian poet whose work is given in this volume in English for the first time died shortly before Omar Khayyám was

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born. He was born in a little village near Aleppo, early showed a love of learning, pursued his studies under a private tutor at Aleppo, and was writing verse before he was eleven years old. An attack of smallpox greatly weakened his sight, and the presumption was that he became totally blind in middle age. He studied in Bagdad, where he formed an extensive acquaintance with the scholars of the time. He journeyed to Tripoli, lodging by the way in a monastery where a monk instructed him in metaphysics and theology. He had such an astonishing capacity for receiving and retaining impressions that a host of legends have sprung up around him. He was a man of great courage, a bold thinker and innovator, and a poet of original but somewhat saturnine temper. He described himself as "a recluse in two prisons," referring probably to his solitude and his blindness. He had a great number of pupils, and his work was done entirely by dictation. In his own time he was not only regarded as a poet of the first rank, but he was also an essayist, a critic of high authority, and a skillful mathematician. His maxims, his poems, and his expressions of opinion were copied by thousands of followers. Honors were heaped upon him, and his reputation passed beyond Persia. He appears to have been a man of great frankness and honesty, who told his students exactly what he knew and thought, and he acquired, in consequence, the authority which belongs to a wise and courageous man. He was for thirty years a vegetarian, and was therefore accused of heterodoxy. The Sufis, the scribes and wise men of his time, were naturally combined against him, but he seems to have met their attacks with placidity; and the editor of these poems tells us that, after an examination of three volumes, he has failed to find a single acrimonious line. He died in 1058, at the age of eighty-four, and was buried in a garden. It is reported that more than one hundred and eighty poets stood about his grave, and he had the fortune or misfortune of being eulogized by eighty-four speakers. His poems were published at Cairo twelve years ago, in two volumes, from an original manuscript written in the twelfth century, and consist largely of didactic odes and quatrains. The editor of this volume declares that he has endeavored to preserve the spirit and native imagery of the quatrains, adding nothing that was foreign to the ruling ideas, but making such changes as were necessary to really translate the Arabic into English. It is his opinion that Omar Khayyám was an imitator or disciple of Abu'l-Ala. Readers of this volume will be struck with some resemblances, but they will find very little to indicate a substantial indebtedness on the part of the greater poet. Such resemblances as exist were probably due to the use of kindred forms of verse. A few stanzas taken at random from the volume will indicate the quality of the poetry, suggest the broad, liberal, progressive theology of the poet, and bring out the apparent resemblances between Abu'l-Ala and Omar Khayyám:

This Life-span will between two Shores e'er swing;
We cross it, and who knows what's on the wing?
I never could, tho' long upon the bridge,
Like billows moan, ah me, nor wind-like sing.

A church, a temple, or a Käba Stone,
Koran or Bible or a martyr's bone—
All these and more my heart can tolerate
Since my religion now is Love alone.

To all humanity, O consecrate
Thy heart, and shun the thousand Sects that prate
About the things they little know about—
Let all receive thy pity, love, or hate.

Canst not thou to the thousand sullied Beads
Upon thy String add one pearl of good Deeds?
The marvels of Creation all reveal
That which I doubt not, tho' I doubt the Creeds.

Retribution: A Tale of the Canadian Border. By James B. Kenyon. Eaton & Mains, New York. 5×7½ in. 181 pages.

Rips and Raps. By L. de V. Matthewman. Illustrated. The Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 5×6½ in. 200 pages. 80c., net.

Riverfall. By Linn Boyd Porter. G. W. Dillingham Company, New York. 5×7½ in. 363 pages.

Robert Morris, Patriot and Financier. By Ellis Paxson Oberholtzer, Ph.D. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 6×9 in. 372 pages. $3, net.

A satisfactory biography of the financier of the American Revolution, written from fuller data than were accessible to Professor Sumner, and presenting in clear outline the life of the man rather than the financial problems which mainly engaged the attention of the author's great predecessor in the same field. The work is thoroughly well done, even on the side of economic criticism, and is a valuable addition to American biographies.

Romances of Colonial Days. By Geraldine Brooks. Illustrated. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 180 pages. $1.25, net. Postage, 15c.)

Love stories of Colonial times, all with a foundation based on historic fact.

Search of Home (In). By Phyllis O. Dent. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 177 pages. $1.25.

Selected Letters of the Younger Pliny. Edited by Elmer T. Merrill. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×6½ in. 473 pages. $1.25.

Songs from the Hearts of Women. By Nicholas Smith. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 5×8 in. 271 pages.

This volume throws light on the charge brought against many of our hymn-books, that the hymns they contain express the virtues of resignation, but little that is virile, active, aggressive. For these biographical sketches of the writers of some of our most familiar hymns show that these hymns were written during periods of stress and pain, and out of such a universal experience that the cry from the writer's own heart, taking shape in "Nearer, my God, to Thee," "Just as I Am," "Father, Whate'er of Earthly Bliss," is echoed through the churches Sunday after Sunday. Suffering has ever sought

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divine aid. The hymns that voice the joy of divine companionship through achievement and through happiness seem yet to be written.

Special Method in History. By Charles A. McMurry, Ph.D. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×7½ in. 291 pages. 76c.

Spinner Family (The). By Alice Jean Patterson. Illustrated. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 5½×7½ in. 159 pages.

A charming little book about spiders, sure to interest a child.

Spirit Father (The). By Mrs. Mary Mann. M. A. Donohue & Co., Chicago. 3¾×8 in. 428 pages. $1.50.

Story of the Foss River Ranch (The). By Ridgwell Cullum. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 5×7¾ in. 326 pages. $1.50.

Story of the Revolution (The). By Henry Cabot Lodge. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 6×9 in. 604 pages. $3.

A one-volume edition of Senator Lodge's brilliantly written and richly illustrated narrative of the Revolutionary War. The present volume is not too bulky for the hand, and in the clearness and beauty of its typography is as attractive to the eye as the larger and costlier edition first published. The volume was designed as a popular history, and in its present form is better adapted to fulfill that design.

Studies in Logical Theory. Edited by John Dewey. (The Decennial Publications of the University of Chicago, Second Series, Vol. XI.) The University of Chicago Press, Chicago. 6×9 in. 388 pages. $2.50.

More than half of the papers in this volume, representative of studies in the Graduate School of the University of Chicago, are by Professor Dewey and Professors Gore and Moore; the remainder by specialists in other institutions, including Dr. Helen B. Thompson, of Mount Holyoke College. The critical and constructive work here exhibited is on the lines followed by European specialists, mostly of recent date.

Sunday-Night Service. By Wilbur Fletcher Sheridan. Eaton & Mains, New York. 5×7½ in. 244 pages. $1.

This book is full of vigorous life. It is intended for "the average preachers," and aims to raise the average. The author speaks from personal experience in various charges, small and large, rural and urban, and from that experience brings his solution of the problem of the fisher of men to those who are trying to solve it. He writes especially for Methodists and for a renaissance of the primitive power of Methodism, but his message is equally for all who profess to stand in the true apostolic succession.

System of Christian Doctrine. By Henry C. Sheldon. Jennings & Pye, Cincinnati. 6×9½ in. 635 pages. $2.50.

Professor Sheldon's work follows the old lines with some noticeable departures. He regards the Hebrew prophets as evincing supernatural foresight, but doubts whether Esther, Ecclesiastes, and the Song of Solomon deserve to be included in the Canon. He holds that physical death is part of the penalty of sin, but regards the Westminster theory that all men sinned in Adam as "obsolete scholastic trumpery." He believes in a disembodied state of being intermediate between death and a general resurrection into embodied being, but thinks that Paul's epistles leave room for doubt whether he believed in the resurrection of the wicked. He characterizes as "thoroughly flippant" the stock argument that any departure from the traditional basis will endanger the whole fabric of faith, and discards the idea of the complete inerrancy of the Bible, contending only for its "substantial truth." The difference between him and theologians who go beyond him seems to be in the degree in which he shares the modern spirit with them. The strong and scholarly work which he has produced will probably be for some time a thesaurus to theological students of his denominational school, and some of them will certainly push further, with advantage to sound thinking, the independent hospitality to new views which it encourages here and there.

Temple Bible (The): New Testament Apocryphal Writings. Edited by James Orr, D.D. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 4×5 in. 60c. per vol.

Seven of these, with an Introduction and Notes, are included in this volume. As an appendix to the New Testament they are valuable for the contrast which their legendary extravagance presents to the simplicity of the Gospel memoirs, and the enhanced estimate of the historicity of these which is gained thereby. So much has passed from these apocrypha into "Catholic" doctrine, belief, and worship that they are important to the student of these subjects. Some of these, *e.g.*, the "Gospel of Nicodemus," are also of use to the student of mediæval literature.

Things Fundamental. By Charles Edward Jefferson, D.D. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 372 pages. $1.50, net.

In point of culture, breadth, and spiritual power Dr. Jefferson's discourses rank among the best utterances of the pulpit. In this volume it seems a little singular to find miracles among the fundamental things, especially as the conclusion is that they may be, not must be, believed. But it is only the New Testament miracles that are dealt with. On New Testament ground Dr. Jefferson is much more conservative than on Old Testament ground. This, however, is a temporary phase of thought in a multitude of sincere and earnest minds. One may question if "the cause of the present uneasiness in the Christian Church" is here fully exhibited. It seems to be more than intellectual, indeed to be quite as much in moral dullness as in intellectual doubt.

Unselfishness of God and How I Discovered It: A Spiritual Autobiography. By H. W. S. (Mrs. Pearsall Smith). The F. H. Revell Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 312 pages. $1.25.

The author, as well as her husband, has

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been widely known in the religious world, and effective therein for the quickening of many in spiritual life. In the evening of age she relates her religious experience from youth up as a deepening insight into the character and ways of God The title of her narrative seems due to her youthful conceptions of a contrary kind. The narrative itself evinces a cheerful and amiable personality; it is free from egotism, and aims to impart the secret of a peaceful and joyous life. Mrs. Pearsall Smith was bred a Quaker, and the earlier portion of her story is entertaining, as well as instructive, in its account of Quaker peculiarities. The real mission of Quakerism, as a Society of "the Interior Life," she regards as being for Christian development rather than for conversion to Christianity.

Through Three Campaigns: A Story of Chitral, Tirah, and Ashanti. By G. A. Henty. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 373 pages. $1.20, net.

For many, many years at this season we have been accustomed to receive three boys' books bearing Mr. Henty's name. Last year he passed away, having apparently accomplished but two-thirds of his regular task. The volume described above and that called "With the Allies to Pekin" follow this author's set methods. His British lads have plenty of fighting and adventure in far lands, are brave and resolute, and as they journey and fight absorb considerable geographical, political, and historical knowledge, all of which is passed on to the boy reader. From the literary point of view the older reader finds the books very "stodgy," but Mr. Henty had in some way gained access to the liking of boys, and their affection for him is constant and strong. He always wrote honestly, was always patriotic and optimistic, was never more sensational than his warlike topics required, and always stood for truth and right in personal conduct.

Typical Elders and Deacons. By James M. Campbell, D.D. The Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 4½×7½ in. 137 pages. $1.

Vacation Days in Greece. By Rufus B. Richardson. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5½×8¼ in. 240 pages. $2, net.

In this volume, Corfu, Ithaca, Delphi, Thermopylæ, Eretria, Epidauros, Syracuse, Girgenti, and other places appear before us in particularly vivid and up-to-date outline. Dr. Richardson's style is delightful—direct, simple, clear, and full of color. Behind the style is the great erudition of the man and his eleven years' experience in Greece. His vacation days from his duties as director at the American School at Athens have been utilized by journeying into familiar, and especially into unfamiliar, Greece. He knows Greece thoroughly. He describes for us its ever-fascinating shores, its mountain-tops—from most of which he apparently saw the sun rise—the rivers which he forded, and the ruins which he found. He does this more emphatically since in this book there is an avoidance of the Greece most frequently described—Athens, the Argive Plain, Olympia. Our guide takes us from the Ionian Islands through northern Greece to the Peloponnesus, and then to Sicily and Dalmatia—countries eminently in place, Sicily being once an important part of Greece, and Greek colonies once skirting the Dalmatian coast. Dr. Richardson's spelling of Greek words will be approved by Greek students. He rightly objects to changing "os" to "us" just because the Romans did, and to spelling the Greek "k" with an English "c." The illustrations and maps in the book are excellent, and add not inconsiderably to the author's text.

Warriors (The). By Anna Robertson Brown Lindsay, Ph.D. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 218 pages. $1, net. (Postage, 10c.)

It is not merely what Mrs. Lindsay says here that calls for remark, but her way of saying it, strenuous and even martial, as the title indicates. With an appreciative estimate of modern forces and tendencies she blends a sort of trumpet-call, "Onward, Christian soldiers." The call is for the individual man to strive to rise above the race-level, and to mold his environment to spiritual uses, as a follower of the world-leader, the Christ. Much that is advanced is in substance trite, but in form it is presented with freshness and force.

Wesley and Goethe. By James W. Bashford, Ph.D. Jennings & Pye, Cincinnati. 4½×7 in. 97 pages. 35c., net.

With the Allies to Pekin. By G. A. Henty. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 353 pages. $1.20, net.

See "Through Three Campaigns."

Wonderful Electric Elephant (The). By Frances Trego Montgomery. Illustrated. The Saalfield Publishing Co., Akron, Ohio. 5×8 in. 253 pages. $1.50.

Woman's Library (The). Vol. III. **Nursery and Sick-Room.** E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 286 pages. $1.50, net.

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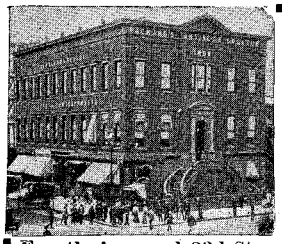

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